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LANGFIER.

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LADY ALGERNON GORDON-LENNOX.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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THE ZOLLVEREIN.

THE importance of the question raised by Mr. Chamberlain a fortnight ago tends to increase rather than to grow less. At first some doubt was felt as to whether he did or did not intend any large and sweeping reform, but this was reduced to a certainty on Friday afternoon.

In the House of Commons the question of Old-Age Pensions had been raised, and in regard to it Mr. Lloyd-George had addressed to the Colonial Secretary some of his choicest and most pointed rhetoric. The salient feature in the reply of Mr. Chamberlain was that the question of Old-Age Pensions must remain an open one until such time as the fiscal policy shadowed forth in his famous speech had been accomplished. Rumour has it that Mr. Ritchie's repeal of the Corn Tax, which seems directly contrary to the spirit of Mr. Chamberlain's speech, was not decided upon without a strong conflict of opinion having arisen in the Cabinet, and it would be useless to deny that in the country there is no unanimity in regard to the new policy. Indeed, it looks now as though around it the next great party conflict of the future is likely to rage. Sixty years ago Free Trade and Protection divided the great English parties, but since then very great changes have occurred, and our great hope to-day is that the question will be fairly and frankly considered without reference to the traditions handed down from that time. It has become the way of the Liberal Party, instead of going in search of a new programme and a policy, to try to live on the "remainder biscuits" bequeathed to them when Mr. Gladstone died. Lord Rosebery alone recognised that new conditions had arisen, and that they required a new method of treatment. That was the policy subsequently known as that of the "clean slate." The bulk of his followers have stood by the ancient ways, and repeated the parrot cries handed down to them from the time when Gladstone and Bright were at their meridian. They forgot that these great statesmen to a large measure succeeded in obtaining their desire. Mr. Gladstone, whatever may be thought of his foreign policy, performed the great service to England of so adjusting her finances that the immense income required for our modern wants is paid with much greater ease than the smaller one required in the days of Sir Robert Peel. The franchise has been so far extended that it can be carried no

further unless by admitting women to it, and the Conservatives are more willing to do that than the Liberals. The Church and the Land, which gave occasion to so many fierce fights in the days of old, have ceased to excite any very eager championship or any very bitter animosity. Yet Lord Rosebery is not the only one to recognise that many fruitful fields yet remain unploughed. The populations of to-day have developed new requirements unknown to their ancestors, and the time has come when the exhausted problems of the past should be cast aside, and the problems of the present and those that await us in the future attacked with energy and intelligence.

Among the ideas that have been developed into greatness during the last quarter of a century that of Imperialism must take the highest place. It is a new Imperialism, very different, for instance, from that of Lord Palmerston, which might be summed up in his "Civis Romanus sum." That is to say, his ideal of Imperialism was that wherever the English flag flew, or wherever a subject of England went, the mere fact that he belonged to this country ought to ensure for him protection and the fullest civic rights. We have nothing to say against this ideal. It was right as far as it went, and our only regret is that it has not recently been sufficiently insisted upon. It is intolerable that a citizen of Germany or the United States should be more certain of securing respect than a citizen of Great Britain; but even so, the "Civis Romanus sum" is only half of the Imperialism of to-day. What strikes the imagination of every man who thinks is that this little island of ours, a mere scrap beside the continent of Europe, should have the ruling of one-seventh of the known world; and every man who is as proud of his country as he ought to be feels that it lies upon him not only to perform his duty to that world-wide Empire, but to hand it down untarnished and more prosperous to those who come after. Is Mr. Chamberlain doing this or is he not? We ask the question regardless of its political or party bearing, and indeed we believe that the average citizen of Great Britain at the present moment is more inclined than he was at any other period of history to say, "A plague on both your Houses!" And in this spirit it ought to be answered. If on calm and careful deliberation we—that is to say, the people of England—should come to the conclusion that by binding the portions of the Empire together with this cord its future prosperity would be ensured, then the theory of Free Trade would have to give way. But, on the other hand, there are great and grave obstacles to its success. The Colonies themselves, particularly those of Australia, are not displaying any keenness for the change. They are not content to be for ever the farmers and grain producers of Great Britain, but they hope to start their factories and their shops, to have their steam engines and machines all going, and to become as great in commercial production as is, for example, the United States. They contend, therefore, that the effect would be to flood their countries with cheap British produce, and so raise an insurmountable barrier to the growth of industrialism among them. At present Australia is so sparsely populated and the agricultural potentialities so slightly developed that the country, as a whole, would probably pursue its wisest course by continuing for many years to come to give the best of its energy to the production of foodstuffs.

A more serious difficulty lies in the uncertainty as to whether the scheme would work as well as Mr. Chamberlain thinks or not. The old theory of Cobden and his friends was that you should buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest. Now, whatever can be had cheap from a foreign country is undoubtedly a benefit to our own population. Every working man who needs to spend a shilling less on the necessities of life has a shilling more to satisfy those wants dictated by the higher civilisation, or, speaking more practically, if he has to spend less on bread he has more to spend on those things that may be described as lying between comfort and luxury. At present, as we pointed out before, the bulk of our trade is not done with the Colonies but with foreign countries. It devolves upon Mr. Chamberlain then to show that if such changes as he proposes were effected the bulk of trade would remain nearly what it is or show an increase, while we should buy from our Colonies a great deal of what we at present purchase from foreign countries. These are the two sides of the question stated as frankly and fairly as we can see them, and probably England will witness many a keen election and many a bitter struggle before the national mind is made up in regard to it.

Our Portrait Illustrations

OUR frontispiece for this week is a portrait of Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Charles Henry Maynard. In 1886 she married Colonel Lord Algernon Gordon-Lennox, the second son of the sixth Duke of Richmond. On page 719 will be found a picture of Barbara, daughter of Lady Emily Lutyns.



LORD NEWTON raised an interesting point in the House of Lords the other night when he moved that the time of meeting should be changed, but the suggested reform touches so many social interests that it would be difficult to carry out. Anyone who thinks of the matter at all must agree that it is extremely absurd to have a London season in June, when the country is at its most attractive time. It would be rational—but, then, Society never is rational—to have the London season at a time of the year when the country is least attractive, that is to say, in mid-winter. Only one dare not dogmatise even to that extent, because sport is to ninety-nine out of every hundred Englishmen a greater attraction than “the mist above the pine trees, the dewdrops on the rose,” and so much can be said in favour of the parties and merry-makings held during winter that it is scarcely possible to form a decided opinion. The very fact that men and women, too, have been out hunting, shooting, or golfing in the open air tends to make their enjoyment in the evening much more intense, while during the month of June the only form of exercise worth having is to sit out on the lawn and eat strawberries, and this can be done as well at Ranelagh as in any country house.

But to return to Lord Newton. His idea is that Parliament should meet in winter instead of in summer, and those who know what the atmosphere in the House of Commons is when the thermometer is at ninety or even less than that in the shade, will heartily agree with him. Much sympathy will be felt with Lord Rosebery's chaffing proposal that members of both Houses should strike, and keep up the dispute for two or three months, after which they could return to the performance of their duties. The motion was carried, and yet one doubts if any very great improvement can be effected. If Mr. Balfour would set his mind to securing the adjournment of the House of Commons on St. Grouse's Day, not much fault would be found with him. Even for those who do not possess deer forests and moors in Scotland the Twelfth of August is a time very suitable for voyaging down to the country on holiday bent, and if Lord Newton had his way and the House of Lords and the House of Commons should agree to meet in winter instead of summer, probably enough some other peer would be proposing a strike next year at this time in order to get the arrangement changed.

There is some danger of a panic being caused by the regrettable accident in the Paris-Madrid Race. It throws a cloud over the prospects of motoring, but it may be confidently assumed that this cloud is only temporary in its character. A similar misfortune occurred in the very early days of steam, when a huge concourse of people gathered to witness the opening of the first railway in England. One of the most eminent of the spectators was killed on the spot, and the prophets of evil at once took this as their text for foretelling the disastrous results bound to follow the adoption of the new means of locomotion; but, as a matter of fact, when we are dealing with what are practically new forces, accidents are inevitable, and instead of exaggerating the importance of the one that has just occurred, we ought to be thankful that motoring has been introduced at such a slight cost in human life and suffering. The casualty bill for steam was for many years a very much heavier one.

Mr. Scott Montagu, in a published interview, expresses opinions very much in accord with our own. He hopes that the House of Commons “will take a sensible view, and realise the great difference between the present race and the Gordon Bennett one.” The Automobile Club has in reality taken every possible means to minimise the risks connected with the race in Ireland, and it would be rather unlike this country to turn aside from what it had already determined upon on account of a mere accident on the Continent. As Mr. Scott Montagu has rightly pointed out, accidents happen in nearly all outdoor sports—racing, steeplechasing, yachting, and even golf. Only the other day a professional was killed through being struck by a hard-driven ball. In fact, Englishmen have never cared for sport

much unless it had a spice of danger in it, and motoring is not going to be disposed of by one accident. Yet, true as all this may be, we cannot help thinking that eighty miles an hour on a turnpike road spells something akin to lunacy. If these races encourage top speeds, something will have to be done.

By the death of M. Paul Blouet the world has lost a popular and amusing writer, who, under the *nom de plume* of Max O'Rell, entertained us with many light amusing skits and sarcasms upon ourselves. They were directed rather to the ear of the groundlings, and showed no particular acuteness of observation or depth of humour, but they were very light and amusing. We are often accused of a more than insular pride, that refuses to acknowledge flaw or fault in the English character, but the popularity of such books as “John Bull and His Island” goes far to disprove this assertion. In point of fact, there is no other nation in Europe that accepts criticism more good-naturedly than we do. Sarcasms that would raise a storm of complaint if directed against Germany, have been received here with a laugh; and the death of our good-natured critic, M. Paul Blouet, will be as much regretted here as in his native land.

Mr. Horace Hutchinson is so universal a favourite, both on and off the golfing green, that regret will be general at his just having missed championship honours for the third time. But in reality the difference between the winner and the runner-up in a long tournament is never very great, and the result of the final match is more or less a matter of chance. It happened in this case to be a very fine fight, the merits of which are not to be judged of by the result, and Mr. Hutchinson is to be congratulated on having played a great game throughout. And, of course, every word said in his praise is so much more to the credit of Mr. Maxwell, who succeeded in vanquishing him. We are sure Mr. Hutchinson's account of the match in another column will be read with even more than the usual interest.

A RONDEAU OF SPRING.

Now spring is here, on windy lea
The daffodils are blowing free;
And o'er the hill where lovers stray,
The golden cowslips swing and sway,
And larks mount upwards, mad with glee.

The sky is blue as blue can be,
A blaze of green are hedge and tree,
The blossom foams on bough and spray,
Now spring is here!

Scent-laden breezes laughing flee
O'er hill and vale; from over sea
The swallow hastens; blithe and gay
The blackbird flutes amid the may—
“Oh, joy to be alive,” saith he,
“Now spring is here!”

CONSTANCE TRAVERS.

It is difficult to understand clearly what is the significance of the extraordinary prices paid for pictures this year. Is it due to the multiplication of great capitalists or to the manipulation of clever dealers? In either case there is some cause for regret when a picture passes into private hands, especially into the hands of someone who buys on a mere dealer's recommendation, and probably takes no interest or pleasure in it afterwards. However, let the cause be what it may, it was shown at Christie's on Saturday that the rage for buying pictures is as keen as ever. One sold to Mr. Wertheimer for 9,000 guineas was not long ago hawked round Bond Street for “an old lady from Worthing” who sought in vain to raise a £5 note on it. Of course, it was a Gainsborough, and in one sense well worth the money, for was it not of this artist that the expression first was used, “his portraits were blown upon the canvas”? But it was in a frightful condition, as it was covered with dirty varnish and had two large holes in it. The bid on Saturday started at 200 guineas, and in a couple of seconds jumped up to 5,000 guineas, while the lot was knocked down to Mr. Charles Wertheimer for 9,000 guineas in less than a minute.

There were some other very surprising prices paid, some indeed that were obviously beyond the value. Rossetti's “Veronica Veronese,” although it has always been a picture to sell well, having brought 1,000 guineas at the Leyland Sale in 1892, and 1,550 guineas at the Ruston Sale in 1898, nevertheless appears to us a somewhat risky speculation at 3,800 guineas. Again, a portrait by Largillière at 2,500 guineas one would think had just about come to its maximum. A set of four large decorative panels, by F. Boucher, one signed and dated 1757, with the titles of “The Fortune Teller,” “The Love Message,” “Love's Offering,” and “Evening,” exhibited at the Guildhall last year by

Mme. Ridgeway, and from her bought by Messrs. Agnew, went at 22,300 guineas. To many this will seem an extraordinary price for Boucher to rise to. We hope in an early number to give a critical study of this famous French artist.

One of the results of the quite abnormal state of flood of very many of our rivers this spring is that salmon have worked their way up into most unexpected places, sometimes to the delighted surprise and sometimes almost to the dismay of the gentle trout fisher who was looking for no such big game. Thus salmon have been seen, and caught, in upper reaches of the Severn where the local anglers had quite ceased to expect them. We remember the case of a member of the famous Stockbridge fishing club catching, and actually landing, a salmon of 11lb. weight that rose to his May-fly in the Test. He was fishing with fine trout tackle, and the performance was a very notable one, but it is not given to everyone to have the skill and science of the angler in question, and with most of us who had an 11lb. salmon at the end of dry-fly tackle there would not long be the fish at that end of the apparatus, though, likely enough, we at the other end should quite fulfil Dr. Johnson's infamous dictum on the subject. Still, the salmon that rises to the May-fly is such a rarity that we are not likely to be put to the test, even though he may be invading in some numbers the waters that trout have had to themselves for some years past.

One blessed thing the flood has done for our salmon rivers, whether the spring ascending fish are of use to us or no when they come to the spawning beds, is that it has washed the kelts clean away out of the streams. There seem to be no such creatures visible, or catchable, and they are only too easily catchable when they are there. We are well rid of them, and they will be the better "mended" for getting so readily to the sea. Even the Test, that has the relatively steady source of supply from the chalk, has had volumes of extra water in it this year, and this, together with other causes, is making the season a late one. Nothing to speak of has been done at the time of writing, and many waters have not had a line thrown over them at all.

SHIRE HORSES.

We bear no man to the covert-side,
We carry no dainty maid,
And the jockeys look for a safer ride
When the steeple odds are laid;
We take no hold of the snaffle-rings
For a galloping mile or three,
When the colours flash and the rowel stings
And the crowd stands up to see;
But we are the kings,
The kings of fallow and lea!
We trot no mile at a three-ten gait,
As the Hackney trotters may,
But they yoke us early and loose us late
For an acre's toil each day;
We carry no silver saddle-rings,
And a rope may be all our rein,
But down in the furrow our driver sings
As the big bars bend and strain;
And we are his kings,
His kings of collar and chain!
There are stable-lads for the better born—
We have little of curry and comb,
And the mud we take out on a winter morn
Is the mud that spattered us home;
But we cover the wheat in the early springs,
And we carry the ripened grain,
And the bread that the golden harvest brings
From our heaving flanks is ta'en;
And we are the kings
Of English meadow and lane!

WILL. H. OGILVIE.

It is of course far too early, absurdly early, to attempt anything like a forecast of the prospective sport in September, but, judging by the numbers of the partridges that we now see paired in the arable fields of the great partridge-producing counties, there ought to be a lot of birds if the breeding season is favourable and no deluging showers come down just when the fledglings begin to run about. In a certain sense it is possible to tell more about the partridge stock now than we shall have a chance of telling again until after the cutting of the corn, for at present this is of no height, and the birds are very visible. In a few weeks' time we shall not see nearly so much of them; and their domestic affairs will be carried on with an increasing privacy as the covert of all kinds grows higher and closer. So far as they go, present appearances are promising; that is as much as we can say, but it is something.

Lovers of the king of games, which, to avoid misconception, we say is chess, will be more than usually interested in the tournament now taking place in Vienna. For years the complaint has been that chess has been growing too correct and dull,

thanks to the efforts of the late Mr. Steinitz and the Vienna school generally. They believe in the theory of the small advantage and winning by the odd pawn. Thus the brilliant, rattling, harum-scarum style prevalent in early Victorian days was abandoned, and games became almost mathematical; but in the tournament in question it was decided beforehand that only gambits should be played. The first four moves, or whatever constituted the gambit, are compulsory, the chess players in this way following the example set by draught players, who now have in champion matches to play their Dyke, or Maid of the Mill, or Old Fourteenth, or whatever it may be. The consequence has been to reverse the position of some of the leading players. Pillsbury, Maroczy, Teichmann, and Schlechter, and, to our surprise, Gunsberg, are all very low in the list, while, as might have been expected, the brilliant Russian champion Tchigorin is at the head of it.

Qui s'excuse s'accuse, says the well-known French proverb, and a good many people will apply it to the statement that appeared in the *Times* on Tuesday. In this we are informed that the newspaper in question issued a reprint of the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" in 1898, and that in 1902 and 1903 it issued certain supplementary volumes, of which the chief editor was a member of the staff; that every article was revised and sent to press from Printing House Square and paid for by a cheque on the "Thunderer's" bank. There are five main statements, followed by a sixth, which declares that any statement in contradiction of the above is false. The obvious comment that occurs to the outsider who takes only a moderate amount of interest in these matters is "who's a denig of it, Betsy," but the inference that is obviously meant to be drawn is that something has been said to the contrary, or, to put the matter bluntly, that some literary Pierpont Morgan has been "working the oracle." Now, however, that an authentic contradiction has been issued, we suppose that such rumours will not be repeated.

Probably the majority of us, while recognising that all such causes as pollution of rivers and abstraction of water for big cities are certain factors making for the general decrease of salmon in our rivers, are, nevertheless, agreed in deeming that the main reason has been the over-netting. To kill geese that lay golden eggs is proverbially bad finance. At the same time, there is a form of injury done by the companies that build great works and supply great cities which often is not recognised, and that is in the destruction of spawning beds that they sometimes cause. It is not much good taking nets off and letting fish go up the rivers if the purpose for which they are going up is defeated by the lack of proper nursery grounds. No doubt they will accommodate themselves to circumstances in some measure, but in some measure only. If one spawning bed is destroyed they will try another, but that means that they have gone from a more suitable to a less suitable, and the result is that the stock suffers.

At Exeter a few days ago William Henry Thomas, "described as a gentleman," though his counsel said he had been brought up as a herbalist, was fined £100 in all for practices savouring of witchcraft. It was, indeed, actually proved, not that Thomas practised as a wizard, but that he carried on a regular business as a witch-doctor, keeping books which showed him to have been making £300 a year. Apparently the old-world belief in being "overlooked" survives in the remote parts of Devon. Thomas was too clever to pretend to be able to "overlook" effectually, but he claimed to be able to obviate the consequences of "overlooking," and he was ready to do so at a price. As a matter of fact, he could safely guarantee anybody against the consequences of "overlooking," for there are none. But he went further. He gave a farmer mysterious powder to scatter round his steading when his cattle were ill, and prescribed saying the Lord's Prayer backwards; and he was caught and fined, as stated. But what an extraordinary revelation is this of the intelligence of tourist-ridden Devon!

It is really a marvel, when one looks at the condition of the fields in the highly-cultivated lands of the Lothians, which are so abundantly stocked with the "little brown birds," that they can find any place at all for nesting. Each field is cultivated up to the very edge of the fence, and the fence itself, if it be not of the hopeless character of stone dyke or wire, is a thin thing of quickset thorn that gives little shelter, and what little shelter might be found in these hedges, if they were given a chance, is taken away by the custom which prevails, under the high farming system, of weeding the hedges themselves, to prevent the seeds of the weeds blowing out over the land. Thus the last resort of the partridges seems to be taken from them, and yet somehow they find nooks for the bringing up of immense families that give great bags, and would give even greater sport but for the rooted prejudice of the keepers of that country against driving.

THE COACHING CLUB'S MEET.



W. A. Rouch.

MR. B. S. FAUDEL-PHILLIPS ARRIVES FIRST.

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AT the beginning of this month, when a limited number of road coaches, which at one time were so popular with all and so lucrative to their owners, and are even now a distinctive feature of our London highways in the morning and evening during the summer months, were starting another season, there were several wails heard about the decay of coaching. Well, says the matter-of-fact, unsentimental observer, longbow men were not the principal feature of the war in South Africa. This is true, but archery is not a lost art simply because one does not practise it with deadly intent. And if any one thing were needed to show that coaching is not an antiquated pastime, that four-in-hand driving—however profitless it may now be to the professional whip—is still one of the accomplishments of those fortunate gentlemen who can afford it, it was the scene in Hyde Park last Saturday (Saturday morning, of course, for the masses do not drive in their own coaches to Hyde Park to protest against Education Bills). Two factors have of late years tended to the killing of coaching, and the old sport might well have succumbed to either.

On the one hand, cheap and quick locomotion is the hall-mark of the times, and the motor-car undoubtedly excels in this respect. On the other hand, extraneous events have during the past three years brought their weight to bear. Soldiers, the regimental drags, are really the backbone of coaching, and the South African War, to employ Kipling's eloquent phrase, has "played the cat and banjo with" the game.

But if coaching is to die—*absit omen*—it dies

hard. Saturday in Hyde Park was a great day in its history. There was everything that made for a successful meeting—brilliant weather, not too hot, not too cold—a bright sun, a cooling breeze, masses of sightseers, and last, but not least, Nature's scene-painter had accomplished a triumph. A dearth of coaches would have been a calamity—veritably the play of "Hamlet" admirably staged with the Prince of Denmark unfortunately absent. But there was no lack of principals. The first whip on the scene was Mr. B. S. Faudel-Phillips, with a team of dark browns, and second Mr. Alan Lupton, a new member of the club, driving black-browns. In the wake of the leading couple came Mr. Charles Van Raalte, with another team of black-browns. Sir Francis Cook, who followed after an interval, was driving bright bays. Mr. S. Hope Morley, Mr. H. C. Allfrey, and Mr. J. H. Horton swelled the list, and then Mr. E. D. Stern appeared, handling, as ever, a beautiful team of blue roans. Followed Mr. W. H. Barber and Mr. H. P. Munday. It was now that Lord Newlands put in an appearance, and a fine appearance his browns made. After him came Captain Hargreave, with bay leaders

and brown wheelers, and Colonel Wyatt Turnour, who drove four bays. Major Pyle driving black-browns, Mr. Hogg, M.P. (liver-chestnuts were his team), Mr. C. E. C. Charlesworth handling four chestnuts, Major Jary with black-browns, Captain Kelso with bays, Mr. Holt Beevor driving four chestnuts (two light and two dark), and Mr. Albert Brassey with more bays made up the next batch. After this rapid succession there was a pause till the arrival of



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DR. HASTINGS' FINE GREYS.

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Mr. Richard Budget (driving bays), who just preceded Dr. Hastings, who drove fine greys, the only team of that colour. Browns with a grey near leader composed Mr. C. J. Phillips's team, whereafter came Colonel Hall Walker, M.P. (dark browns), and Colonel Baldock (dark browns and a grey). Mr. George Savill drove a team of three bays and a brown, and Mr. Gwyn Jones handled a black-brown team.

Twenty-nine coaches there were all told, and, taking all things whatsoever into consideration, this is no bad show. When the muster was complete a procession was formed, and after driving round the Park the majority made for Hurlingham.

POLO NOTES.

THE Ranelagh Club, in perfect weather, finished the Handicap Tournament on Thursday week. The final struggle was a close one, the handicapping being as good as is usual at this club. Moreover, the tournament had brought out some of the newer players—Messrs. Sturgis, Mappin, and R. Hudson. Major Morris umpired, but I only heard the whistle go once during the game. The claim was for crooking a stick over the back of



W. A. Rouch.

MR. R. BUDGET'S SMART BAYS.

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was not a table on the tea lawn, and the polo pavilions had a full share of spectators. Like a good many other people, I began the afternoon at Hurlingham, because, in view of the coming military tournament and the revival of soldiers' polo, there was much interest felt in the matches Royal Horse Guards and 5th Lancers v. Hurlingham. Unluckily two of the

former team were laid up with influenza. There was, therefore, no special interest in the match beyond affording some good polo, with Mr. G. Miller and Mr. John Watson on one side, and Captain Ward and Mr. Marjoribanks on the other. However, I trotted back to Ranelagh to see Warwickshire—Messrs. W. McCreery, F. M. Freake, W. S. Buckmaster, and F. Hargreaves—play a match against Ranelagh—Mr. A. de Las Casas, Captain A. E. W. Harman, Messrs. F. A. Gill and T. Lawson. On the Ranelagh match ground, now in most perfect order, and probably the fastest ground in London, the Warwickshire team could hardly fail to do most of the scoring. Mr. Freake as No. 2 with Mr. Buckmaster as No. 3 is probably the strongest combination of the season; Mr. Walter McCreery is far more effective forward than he is in defence, and Mr. F. Hargreaves is learning to support Mr. Buckmaster. Then the Warwickshire ponies were good, and Mr. Freake's bay is probably the very best forward pony now playing. Of the other four players, Mr. A. de Las Casas and Mr. Gill are both in form, and are welcome additions to first-class polo players, the circle of which was becoming all too narrow. Captain Harman is also a new player to Ranelagh, and will certainly be a gain to the strength of the club team. The course of the match was exactly what might have been



W. A. Rouch.

LORD NEWLANDS LEADS OFF.

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the pony, and was thus merely the application of an old rule. The absence of off-side makes things much easier for the umpire. Unquestionably, too, the relaxation of that rule makes a freer and more galloping game, nor did it seem to be unduly hard on the ponies. The question which arises is whether the modified rule would not have the same advantage without the drawbacks that attend the entire absence of off-side. This will doubtless be carefully considered by those who have to decide this matter, important to the future of the game. A mistaken decision might easily do much mischief. There was one point that I noted, which was that the scoring was not higher than in the ordinary off-side game, and there were fewer scrimmages. The victory rested with C Team—Messrs. H. R. Sturgis, B. Wilson, A. Price, A. de Las Casas—over D Team by 4 goals to 3.

Messrs. A. Price and A. de Las Casas, as Nos. 3 and 4, showed excellent combination for the winners, and to their steady defence and ready support of their forwards the victory was chiefly due. It was to superior combination, which told as decisively on this no off-side game as in ordinary polo, that C Team owe the winning of Mr. W. Hazard's cups. Both sides stayed well, and it was in the fourth and fifth ten minutes that the match was decided. At that point, after a close and absorbing struggle on a fast ground, C Team showed their strength. But until the sixth period it was anybody's match.

On Saturday Ranelagh blossomed out into full summer. There was such a crowd that the carriage enclosure was absolutely packed, there

expected, for while the pace was fast, the Warwickshire team, knowing each other's play, and having Mr. Buckmaster to hit goals for them, kept ahead in the scoring, but they were made to work for their gains by Ranelagh. If we watched the game and troubled little about the score, and this is undoubtedly the way to enjoy first-class polo, of which the charm as a spectacle consists



Rouch.

MISS PEARSON DRIVING THROUGH THE WHEELS.

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in watching the play, the strokes, and the tactics, we should have realised how well matched the teams were.

But the best and most satisfactory news of all was found in a letter awaiting me at the club containing the entries for the Inter-regimental Tournament. This is indeed to be a record year. There are no less than seventeen teams entered, which is most cheering when there are some shadows over civilian polo. The soldiers are the keenest, healthiest, and most

interesting element of polo, and the infusion comes at a fortunate moment, for, as one of the leading London players remarked the other day, we know all about our old players and want a little fresh blood. The infinite variety of names in similar combinations does not conceal the fact that when eight of our best-known players meet we generally know what will happen beforehand. Soldiers' polo is always attracting fresh blood, and I for one confidently expect that the game will be far more general in the Army than ever it has been. The following list of regiments that have entered teams certainly looks like it. Regiments appear in it that have never competed before, and there are, too, three infantry regiments among the entries, which certainly has not been the case since the first Inter-regimental it was my good fortune to see. Here is the list in full: The Royal Horse Guards, the 1st Life Guards, 1st Royal Dragoons, 5th Lancers, 6th Inniskilling, 7th (Queen's Own) Hussars, 11th Hussars, 13th Hussars (two teams), 14th Hussars, 17th Lancers, 18th Hussars, 21st Lancers, Royal Artillery, the Royal Fusiliers, the Royal Irish Rifles, and the Rifle Brigade. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say that the earlier ties will be played off on the Garrison Polo Grounds, the semi-finals and finals only being played at Hurlingham in July. In this way the expense of the tournament will be reduced to within very reasonable limits, while playing off these ties will be a great source of interest and encouragement to the garrison polo clubs. On the whole, the new scheme for military polo must be regarded as having come at the very time when a fresh element of interest was needed in the game.

Polo would be a good deal the poorer if the four players who took the name of "Drowned Outs" at Hurlingham had not been revived by the sunshine. They were Messrs. T. Gilbey, F. Menzies, W. S. Buckmaster, and F. Hargreaves. The Hurlingham team were Lord Shrewsbury, Mr. Walter Jones, Mr. John Watson, and Mr. E. Ezra. It is wonderful to see how Mr. John Watson keeps his form, and in the handicap at Ranelagh he played with all the dash as well as the judgment of former years. Something, no doubt, is due to the ponies, and he has a brown one which strides along under his fifteen stone without the smallest difficulty, and at a great pace. In the match of Thursday week he made the most of his two forwards, Lord Shrewsbury and Mr. Walter Jones. These are unquestionably two of the best mounted polo players of the day.

Ranelagh had one or two other attractions on Saturday, including the ascent of the Aero Club, the members of which hoped to dine at Bournemouth, and the Ladies' Driving Competition, always a pretty and popular show. Mrs. Leeming, who is quite one of the best drivers we have seen for some years, won no less than three prizes. She drove with a light hand at a very steady, even pace, and showed strength as well as delicacy of touch in her handling of the tandems over a course which is, it must be confessed, a very difficult one.

X.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

A CONTRAST IN BIRD LIFE.

PASSING from a highly-farmed and strictly game-preserved district like North Norfolk to a wild corner of Devonshire, one sees very plainly the effect which man's work produces upon the wild life of the country. Nor is this, as one might suppose, by any means wholly bad. Where man sternly endeavours to restrict the range and numbers of any wild creature which interferes with his profit and sport, he indirectly encourages many others by killing off their natural enemies. Thus the sparrow and the rat are enabled to mock at his hostility towards themselves, and to thrive and multiply under his very roof. All other small birds and beasts are similarly benefited by the destruction of creatures of prey on behalf of cherished pheasants; and almost the first thing which strikes you amid the wild beauties of Devonshire is the comparative absence of small birds. Amid Norfolk fields and woods you are scarcely ever out of hearing of many song-birds. Every few yards of hedge have their nests of thrush, blackbird, and hedge-sparrow. Nesting greenfinches "cheec" at you on every hand, and every fourth or fifth furze bush has its linnet's nest. All the commoner summer birds swarm everywhere; and, as for the sparrows—!

WHERE COMMON SMALL BIRDS ARE SCARCE.

In untamed Devon valleys, on the other hand, you may pass through what seems ideal woodland for small birds and scarcely hear or see one in



W. A. Rous.

MRS. LEEMING'S TANDEM.

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each hundred yards. Each song of thrush or blackbird is an event by itself, not blurred by the music of other thrushes and blackbirds all around. You may spend a day among the fields and woods without seeing a hedge-sparrow or a greenfinch, and wander over furze-clad commons without a glimpse of a linnet. Instead of catching sight of birds' nests, often with the mother-birds complacently gazing at you, in absurdly conspicuous positions, as you go along, you may hunt

closely for long distances full of likely nesting-places and barely find six nests in an afternoon. But the most striking point of contrast is the comparative rarity of skylarks. In the large, bare fields of Norfolk every rod of ground seems to have its skylark's nest, above which the happy proprietor spends most of his days in quivering circles, filling the sky with music. In wild Devonshire's hills and vales you may pass a whole day out of doors without hearing a skylark.

NATURE'S RECOMPENSE.

The secret of this contrast carries with it, however, ample recompense for such defects of common small-bird life as may be apparent in the vales of Devon. The magpie, flickering black and white against the woodland, and trailing its long tail against the sky, is a frequent charm of the sloping margin of the woods that steal down towards the winding trout-stream in the valley, flecked with white waterfalls at every angle. Jays flash everywhere across the woodland glades; and that perpendicular, weather-beaten cliff of rock, which has all the grandeur of the façade of a cathedral, is honeycombed with the nests of jackdaws; while overhead the long-drawn mew of the buzzard echoes down the valley, as it floats and soars above its nesting-place in the high woods that crown the crested hills. No need to ask why nests of blackbirds and thrushes do not force themselves upon your attention at every turn, when the country-side abounds with jays, magpies, and jackdaws, which go birds'-nesting all day. In some game-preserving districts a keeper has to scratch his head before he can tell you when he last saw jay or magpie on his beat.

THE BUZZARDS' HAUNT.

The presence of the buzzards alone—three pairs of them, breeding upon contiguous hills—is a large compensation for the absence of a wilderness of thrushes. Judged by conventional standards of music, there may be more melody in the varied phrases of blackbird or song-thrush than in the mewing cry, oft repeated, of a broad-winged bird of prey, silhouetted against the sky; but when it is a case of a rare British bird in danger of extinction, and you may lie at your ease and watch the aerial evolutions of a colony which is more populous by two than it was last year, there is greater joy in listening to their clamorous quarrels in the sky than in marking the musical repetitions of all the common singing birds. Very soon, too, by watching, you learn on which hill-top the home of each pair of buzzards lies; and from this knowledge to discovery of the nesting-tree, with the mewing bird in the sky overhead to guide you, is only a matter of hill-climbing. And having found the nests, you can sit and watch the home-life of these big, strong birds, and hope that no collector with a mania for "clutches" of rare British eggs may follow in your steps.

CURLEWS' BREEDING NOTES.

Passing from the wooded side of the buzzards' hill to the bare gorse and heather clad slopes that lead down and up again to the wide wild moorland, above the rugged grey cliffs from which stock-doves and jackdaws fire themselves in volleys, as the rattling stones dislodge by your passage go bounding from crag to crag, you find more than enough to compensate you for the absence of legions of linnets, in the long-drawn whimpering notes of the breeding curlew. Low and melancholy at first, like the wail of some small, whipped puppy, the quivering cry grows louder and faster, almost jubilant, as the great bird hovers like a lark up in the sky; then, suddenly, as the zenith of its flight is reached, and with curved wings, the curlew glides earthwards, and its music changes to something like the long, low whistle which is its familiar note in winter on the marshlands of the Norfolk Coast. Here on Devonshire uplands, however, with nothing but long stretches of gorse and heather and bog, between sky and sky, the very air seems to shiver with joy in response to the curlew's breeding note on every side.

THE DIPPER'S CHARM.

Sliding down the slopes again, where the tufted heather gives sure foothold, startling the stock-doves and jackdaws in clouds once more, we reach the winding wooded streak where the little river tumbles and splashes, because it is young and small, between the giant hills that almost shoulder out the sky. Here, in the dark pools, the assembled trout are greedily sucking in the dancing flies; and on the water-worn boulders the dipper carols out its prattling song in answer to the babbling water, turning its white waistcoat this way and that. There are some birds which appeal at first sight to one's affections; and no one, I think, can once see the dipper without liking it ever after. Some of this spontaneous affection for the dapper bird in black and white may be due to the lovely surroundings of hill-

side and waterfall amid which it chooses its haunts; but the real reason lies, I feel sure, in the fact that in its black suit with white waistcoat the dipper looks such a little gentleman, always in evening dress. If it wore rustic brown plumage, even with a spotted waistcoat, like a thrush, I am sure that one would not like the dipper half so much.

THE GREY WAGTAIL.

Nothing could be much daintier in colouring than the grey wagtail, which haunts the same water-worn boulders as the dipper—with its Quaker-grey coat, black necktie, and yellow waistcoat—and its movements, as it runs so gingerly along the foam-splashed stones, ankle deep into the swirling

water to catch some tiny insect, while its slender tail flickers up and down to the rhythm of the racing current, are infinitely more elegant than the homely bob and curtsy with which the dipper varies its immobile, cock-tailed attitude upon its favourite perch. In flight, too, the grey wagtail's graceful curves, accentuated by a musical twitter at each lift, compare favourably with the straight, low scurry of the dipper up stream, uttering a sharp, shrill note of protest against disturbance as he passes. Yet, in spite of these disadvantages, I doubt if anyone who takes note of birds can help preferring the dipper by a great deal, and remembering him always as the ideal bird of the rippling, rushing mountain stream. And this I attribute almost entirely to his gentlemanly evening suit of black with a white shirt-front. E. K. R.

SWANS AND THEIR HABITS.

EXCEPT the beautiful actress, no creature invites photography more insistently than the swan. Apart from his size and billowy whiteness, every attitude is a pose, and his mere presence lends that touch of the gracefully picturesque, or, as it is best described, the "Japanesque," to the homeliest landscape. On land the swan is more "Japanese" than in the water, when he is too conventionally graceful and beautiful as he rides upon his own rippling reflection. On land you see his great blacklead-coloured feet, with their awkwardly inturned toes, and his waddling gait, and these make him "Japanese."



J. Coster.

GUARDING THE NEST.

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For, whether the art of Japan be true art or not, the secret of its strength and vividness is always this abrupt link of the ungraceful and the graceful, the angular and the curved, the repulsive and the attractive.

And if the swan is worth photographing at all times, one's fingers specially itch to be pressing the button when one sees him at nesting-time. Then he is always ready to assault you at any moment's notice, and this lends added excitement to the pleasure of catching him in pleasant domestic

attitudes before he has time to ruffle his plumes, lower his head, and "come for you." There are legends that "one



J. Coster.

SWANS NESTING ON THE RIVER OUSE, NEAR LEWES.

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THE BLACK SWAN'S BROOD.

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blow of a swan's wing will break a man's leg," but if you stand your ground you will find that the most terrific swan is only a *Bombastes Furioso* among birds.

When he has got into exactly the right position for fighting, reared up on his heels, with the enemy on his right or left front at a distance of two feet, he can deliver a flip with his wing that whistles through the air and would doubtless be a nasty blow for a dog or another swan. But a swan's attitudes take time in the making, and if the enemy exhibits resolution in advance, the swan nearly tumbles over his own tail in his haste to get out of his fighting attitude and into the water. There he becomes supremely magnificent, with bowed and upcurved wings, and every plume on his body doing duty for six, as he oars himself through the high-rippling water with that superb double stroke of his broad black paddles, which he reserves for striking occasions. Never was there such another *poseur* as the swan.

But he is always a delightful study, and especially so at nesting-time, from the clear light which his habits throw upon the wild life of his kind in the far North. His size and snowy hue, as well as the fact that he drops all of his flight feathers at once, becoming thus unable to fly for many weeks until the new feathers have grown, show that in his natural breeding-homes he has no enemy more powerful than himself to fear. Considering that he builds his huge piled-up nest for choice on the very margin between water and land, and leads his new-hatched young as boldly over the fields as into the water, this tells us much of the safe and undisturbed conditions of his home. Yet the

fury of his hostile demonstrations against every sort of intruder shows that his race is accustomed to enemies that would rob the nest, unless driven away. In the same way, the spitefulness with which the married swan hunts every other swan, including his own children, from the neighbourhood of the nest, shows that the bird is accustomed to breed in retired haunts where the food supply is limited. Also the high-piled nest shows that the chosen sites are liable to summer floods, caused no doubt by the melting of the glaciers.

Thus from the habits of the domesticated swan we get a very fair idea of the conditions under which the wild swan has become the magnificent, bad-tempered creature that he is; and a glance at his new-born cygnets, which are silver grey, inclining afterwards to drab, tells us of the colour changes through which the race has passed before it was able to assume its present garb of sovereign whiteness. And this colour of the cygnets of our common mute swan becomes doubly interesting when you glance at the picture of a pair of black swans with five silvery cygnets. These, though destined to become "negroes" in maturity, plainly advertise the common origin of their race with that

of the white swan.

A difference as striking as this similarity may be observed in the illustrations of the white and black swans, namely, that while the young reeds and rushes are only freshly sprouting from the water round the white swans' nest, they are old and shattered where the black swans are leading their youngsters. The contrast is due to the fact that the black swans, imported from the Antipodes, retain their ancestral habit



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

A PAIR OF BLACK SWANS.

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of breeding in the season which is winter in the Northern Hemisphere, thus admirably demonstrating the fact that birds are not guided in their choice of breeding-time by the appearance of the season or the vagaries of the thermometer, but by functional developments within themselves. Thus, as Christmas approaches, and although the weather becomes daily less suitable for the purpose, the black swans cannot resist the instinct which tells them that the cycle of their proper year comes to its climax, and so they introduce their young to our wintry English scenes of dead and withered vegetation and ice-cold water.

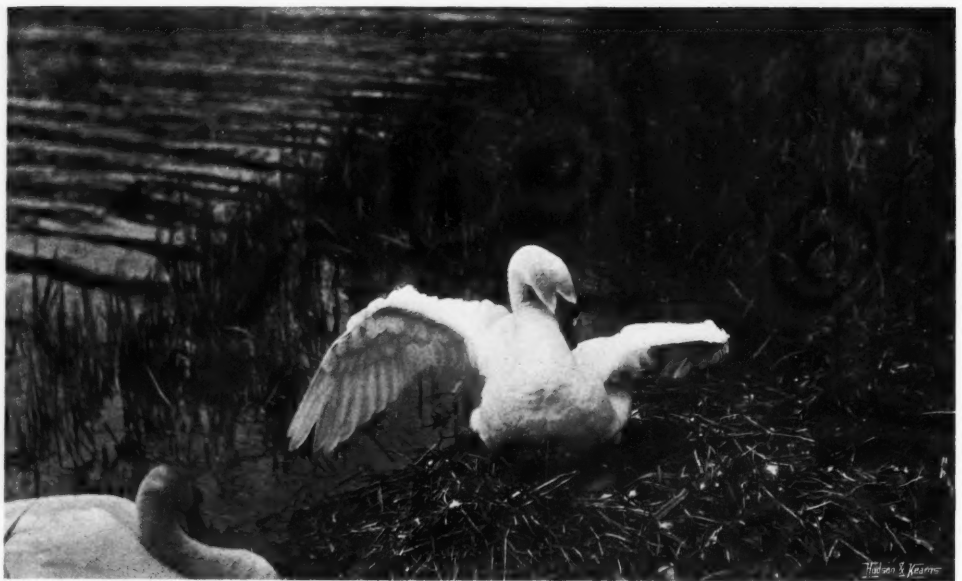
One more fact which is strikingly noticeable in the black swans, is the close resemblance of their colouring, acquired in the Antipodes, to that of our commonest water-bird, the moor-hen. A red bill, slaty-black plumage, and glimpses of white on the flanks—there must be some subtle and complicated reason for this curious commixture of colours being exactly reproduced in two dominant types of water-birds which are separated by the whole width of the earth from each other.

E. K. R.

THE WILD "ZOO" . . . AT WASHINGTON.

THE new secretary of the Royal Zoological Society is probably overwhelmed at the present moment with suggestions for the better housing of the animals in Regent's Park. There is no doubt that all these will receive attention. But the stern facts of limited space and funds will and must stand in the way of the development of our Gardens into anything much beyond a well-managed "menagerie." At Washington there now exists a State "Zoo" of a different kind. Subsidised by the Government of the United States, it is a kind of national institution. In it the animals are, so far as possible, kept in the open and in natural surroundings; and though the public in England has not yet begun to ask for a national wild Zoo, or a Zoological park, the example of what has been done at Washington is well worthy of attention. The initiative, as in the case of our South Kensington Natural History Museum, came from an eminent Civil servant. But Sir Richard Owen, whose steady advocacy of the removal of the Natural History collections at Bloomsbury to a new and distant site gained the adherence of Mr. Gladstone, and caused the building to be erected which is now a source of delight to hundreds of thousands, was by profession a zoologist.

The first promoter of the Washington Zoo was not a



ANGRY.

naturalist at all, but Mr. S. P. Langley, a well-known astronomer and physicist, the secretary of the Smithsonian Institute. This gentleman became convinced that there was every prospect of the total destruction of the large game of the United States. He therefore took it upon himself to urge the acquisition of a tract of land, near to the Federal capital, and in as nearly natural conditions as possible. The proposal went through the usual stages of, first, ridicule, then toleration, and finally of favourable consideration, just as did Owen's proposal for a Natural History Museum, which Mr. Disraeli laughed at, and caused to be shelved for a time. The Bill was, however, supported by all the men of science and leaders of education in the country, and in the end Congress granted a sum of two hundred thousand dollars to purchase a portion of land "in which native animals threatened with extinction might live and perpetuate their species in peace."

It happened that Mr. Langley, in his morning rides, had discovered a site suitable in most respects close to Washington. It was broken, wooded, and intersected by some small streams, and these 167 acres of land were purchased, and the ground divided up, by the least visible forms of fencing, for such native animals to live on as could maintain themselves in a natural state.

Their instalment was then taken in hand by Dr. Homaday director of the wild Zoo at New York. The well-known naturalist and animal painter, Mr. E. Seton Thompson, has written an interesting report on the condition of these animals in relation to what would be their natural environment elsewhere, which gives every encouragement to the extension of such experiments to England, and not less so to our colonies and dependencies. There is a herd of bison, and, though they do not occupy as roomy quarters as would be desirable, Mr. Seton Thompson shows a charming drawing of a buffalo calf a week old,

which looks exactly like the offspring of domestic cattle. The grizzly bear has a small section of what does duty for a Rocky Mountain glen at his disposal; another rocky portion is reserved for the big horn sheep, the calling hare, and the marmot, but as yet none of these mountain animals are established there, though the Rocky Mountain goat would probably be less difficult to keep in health than the wild sheep. The bison live so far in natural conditions that there was a fight to a finish between two of the bulls, which ended in the oldest animal being killed.

The writer of the report considers that in the half-natural condition aimed at in the Washington Zoo the animals' minds are occupied, as well as their bodies cared for. He also quotes the experience of a noted Zoo superintendent at San Francisco, who used to shift his animals into a fresh cage frequently, in order to give them something to think about, and substituted two light meals for one heavy one for the same reason, hints which may perhaps be of use at the Regent's Park Gardens.

C. J. C.



AS WHITE AS SNOW.

CROWNS THAT PERISH.

By ELEANOR G. HAYDEN.

PRIOR'S ANSELM lies on a slope which falls gently from the belt of woodland above the village to the brook below. A placid stream this same brook is, that dawdles idly through rich green meadows shaded deep by many trees, until it nears the mill, when it is constrained into a brief activity quite out of harmony with its normal state.

Beyond the meadows runs the highway east and west, and from it two lanes lead up beneath overarching chestnuts, and across two rustic bridges to the village. One strikes past a solitary cottage near the mill, direct towards the church. The other skirts the green to avoid encroachments, and after climbing the one street the place can boast, disappears into the woodland.

Whether Prior's Anselm be approached from the upper or the lower end, its picturesque aspect cannot fail to impress the traveller, particularly during spring and autumn. It was looking its best one bright May Day some thirty years ago; the air was sweet with the scent of lilacs and gillyflowers, the creepers that covered the houses had shaken out their young foliage, the chestnut buds had cast their sticky brown sheaths, and all Nature had awakened to new life again. Even the great elm keeping guard above the stocks upon the green, which was always behind its fellows, had taken heart of grace, and had covered its delicate twigs with a filmy veil of yellow lacery. The world wore a smiling face that day for William Baber, who had come from a distant town on what promised to be a good job in some ironworks recently opened a mile or so from Prior's Anselm. He was young, he was strong, and blessed, moreover, with the cheerful spirit which outlasts both youth and health, and as he stood at the head of the twisty street gazing down between the double row of thatched cottages each in its blossoming garden, he felt that the lines had fallen to him in a pleasant place.

Even as he thought thus, the village began to stir from its noonday slumber. Men, women, and children appeared singly and by twos and threes in the quiet roadway, and ere long a little crowd had gathered at the corner of a side lane midway down the slope. Thither William Baber also strolled.

"What's up?" he asked, addressing a farm hand, near whom he found himself.

"Fun'ral," returned the other, without removing his pipe; "can't 'ee hear the bell?"

At that moment the dismal clang came quivering on the sunny air, and the procession wound into sight below the green. Slowly up the street moved the sable train, heralded by two girls dressed in white. They wore quaint hoods on their heads, and between them they carried a wand on which was slung a white mitre-shaped crown with five snowy pairs of gloves dependent from it.

"What's that?" whispered Baber. "What in heaven's name does it mean?"

A sharp-faced woman of middle age, to whose hand a little child was clinging, answered his questions. "'Tis a maiden's crown o' purity. I reckon you be a stranger in these parts, that you don't know our old custom what's bin kep' up hundreds o' years. When a good-livin' ooman—or man either—dies single, wi'out a speck or a spot to her name, she've a right to be buried wi' the crown car'd afore her."

"What's done with it after—is it put in along with the coffin?"

"'Tis hung up in the church, wi' her name an' her age fur everyone to see. Look, Prissy, here they come!"

The child turned eagerly as the procession drew abreast, and Baber, looking also, met the gaze of a pair of dark grey eyes that shone, star-like, beneath the white hood.

"Who is that girl carrying the crown—the one next us?" he demanded.

"She's Mary Wellow, the witch's granddaughter; an' how the friends o' the corpse could ha' gin her a place in front o' the coffin I can't think. Now, young man, seein' I've answered your questins, mebbe you'll do the same by me. Be you William Baber, as was to come to-day to lodge wi' Sarah Mewsey?"

He replied in the affirmative.

"You looks honest an' respectable," she continued, "which is lucky fur you, 'cause if I hadn't liked the looks on 'ee I wouldn't ha' took 'ee in not for no money. I kips the shop, my husband is dead, an' this is my little gal—the on'y one left out o' six, bless her!"

Her voice softened when she spoke of the child. Prissy was evidently the weak spot in Mrs. Mewsey's armour. The woman was ready to admit her own bad temper; in excuse thereof she pleaded that she had had more than her share of trouble to sour her, and that she was "right anuff at bottom if on'y folks could dig down to 't." It needed, however, more patience than the neighbours possessed to reach the bedrock of real worth which underlay Sarah's shrewishness. Her tongue was

unsparing, and Baber quickly learnt the failings of everyone in Prior's Anselm. On the subject of Mary Wellow she waxed eloquent.

"Well, there, I'd ha' riz in my coffin afore I'd ha' had sich as she a-walkin' in front o' me. I s'pose the lam'bly thought she must come in som'ers, an' as they nat'rally didn't want her along o' they, they put her there. You may be sure 'twas like that. Mary does jobs o' nursin' an' needlework an' doos 'um cheaper nor anyone else. She'd sat up a smart few nights wi' the dead girl, so they let her car' the crown by way of 'knowledgment."

"Didn't you say her grandmother was a witch?" enquired the young man.

"Aye, if ever there be sich. Nobody won't let her come near their children nor their animals for fear she should cast her eye upon 'um."

Baber laughed.

"And is the girl a witch, too?"

"I 'udn't like to say one way or 'tother. There be some as swears she've a look in her eye what you can't get over, an' she comes of a bad stock. Bible tells us, 'ee know, that you mustn't expect sweet cherries from a sioe bush."

"It's the old tale. 'Give a dog a bad name.' I don't believe in witches myself," answered Baber, and, yielding to little Prissy's entreaties, he suffered himself to be led into the garden for a romp.

He and the child had already become fast friends, and Sunday morning saw them walking hand-in-hand up street to church. As they entered by the west door under the gallery, the stranger noticed high up on either side of the nave, where the white ceiling sprang from the blue walls, a row of crowns each bearing its five dangling pairs of gloves. The crowns had lost their original purity, the gloves were shrivelled and brown. There was about them a vague awe and mystery as they swayed ghost-like to and fro overhead, which made the young man shiver. They evoked a shadowy troop of maidens cut down in the flower of youth, and among them he seemed to see the grey-eyed girl in the white hood. Where was she, he wondered, and where the latest and freshest of the crowns?

Not until he turned to leave the church did he discover both. In the centre of the gallery hung the emblem of death and virginity, and above it, apart from the rest of the funeral company, sat the social outcast alone. Again he met the full clear gaze, which, after resting on him an instant, travelled down to linger on the child at his side with a look which caused him a faint throb of jealousy. When next he glanced up, on the following Sunday, Mary Wellow sat there, but the crown hung with the others.

Baber was in Mrs. Mewsey's kitchen one Saturday afternoon when the girl entered the shop, and through the open door he watched her, himself unseen. Her dress was poor; her only claim to beauty lay in her wonderful eyes, that by their steadiness offered a singular contrast to the shrinking timidity of her manner. Her face brightened at the sight of Prissy, who followed with absorbed attention the weighing out of the various purchases. These were completed by a few of those delectable confections known as "black sweets."

On the outer threshold Mary paused and looked back. Sarah had vanished. She and Prissy were alone. Coming swiftly to the child's side, she thrust the sweets into the little dimpled hand. "Thank you," said Prissy, and held up her face. A crimson wave rushed over the outcast's cheek. She hesitated; then, dropping a light kiss upon the rosy lips, she turned and fled into the sunshine. The scene stirred Baber curiously. That evening he wandered past the lonely cottage near the mill. Mary was sitting at needlework in the garden, and, acting upon the impulse of the moment, he opened the gate and walked in. At the sound of his step she started up and cast a frightened glance towards the house. For a few moments the young man stood awkwardly silent; then, with a flash of inspiration, he said: "Good evening. I hear you do jobs of mending. I'd be glad if you'd see to some o' my things."

"Yes," she answered. "Shall I call round for them?"

"Best not," he said with a twinkle. "I'll bring 'em along myself."

And Mary, who was not unaware of the fact that Sarah Mewsey "had a temper," found the proceeding quite natural.

But when Baber appeared an evening or two later, he explained that he had forgotten the mending. Would she accept a few eggs instead?

She shook her head. "Thank you kindly. I can't take what I haven't earned," was her reply.

And her glance made him realise what folks meant when they said "there's something in her eyes what you can't get over."

"I always thought," he returned, smiling, "I always thought as presents were given, not earned."

"Why should you give me presents? You don't know me. Besides, I'm the witch's granddaughter." And she twisted her hands nervously. "No; I can't take your eggs."

"That's a pity, 'cause they're no good to me. I may as well chuck them away." He tossed one, white and shining, over the box hedge into the road, where it fell with a crash. A second followed, and a third was about to, when Mary seized his arm. "Oh, don't," she cried. "It's such a dreadful waste."

"Will you have them?" tendering the basket.

"Ye-es, for Grannie."

"And for yourself."

"Yes, if you wish," she replied, meekly.

"I thought you'd be sensible," he said, and his laugh was so infectious that her shyness vanished like hoar frost in the sun, and she dimpled back at him with an answering smile.

"I believe you're a bit of a witch yourself," he exclaimed, but the jest cut Mary to the heart.

"No, no, indeed I'm not—they would hunt me from the village if they thought that—oh, please, don't say it."

"I didn't mean it," stammered the young man, overcome by remorse, "not in the way you think. There aren't no such things nowadays. On'y a fool 'ud call you——" He broke off, stood a moment in silence, and bade her an abrupt good-bye.

It was surprising after this how often William Baber's clothes needed attention. A less simple-minded girl than Mary might have wondered how the holes which she was required to mend came into existence, but, as William explained, "'tis wonderful easy to tear yourself to bits in the works." Sometimes Prissy accompanied him in his visits to the cottage, and the joy that flashed over Mary's face at sight of the little girl stirred the old jealous feeling anew within him.

"They're all afraid o' me 'cept her," said the outcast; "none o' the children will speak to the witch's granddaughter."

"I'm not afraid," murmured Prissy, nestling closer to her friend. "I likes you, an' I means to be a witch when I'segrowed up."

As the summer drew on a whisper ran through the village that the new hand at the works was courting Mary Wellow, that he had been seen talking to her, not across the hedge, which might mean an accidental encounter, but actually inside the garden. The rumour was not long in reaching Sarah's ears, and she straightway taxed her lodger with it. His first impulse was indignantly to deny the truth of the story. Reflection, however, bade him pause. His conscience told him that he had been doing more than show a little ordinary kindness to a solitary girl. He had been watching the rose of happiness unfold in a sweet, shy face; he had been learning the secrets of a pure maiden heart which he knew, though perhaps Mary did not, that he had made his own.

"I 'udn't believe it, h'wever, an' I telled folks so," continued Sarah, as he remained mute. "Ten't likely you'd think o' marryin' sich as she; 'spec'yly now, when there's a worser talk nor ever 'bout her gran'mother. She've cast her eye, 'um sez, over Joe Pike's chile what's pinin' away, an' the miller's sow overlaid six o' her farrow 'tother night all along o' she speerin' acrost the hedge at 'um."

Baber frowned. "Old women's tales!" he muttered, impatiently.

"An' there's summat else I heard what I said I 'udn't never believe. Folks swears you took my Prissy to the cottage a whiled back."

"So I did," he answered, telling himself there were no grounds for the guilty feeling at the back of his mind.

Sarah gasped. "You took my chile—th' on'y one as is left me out o' six—to that house?" she demanded, in low and awful tones.

"Why not? There's no harm done that I can see. She stayed in the garden with me all the time, an' we didn't set eyes on the old woman—I never have, for the matter of that."

Then Mrs. Mewsey's pent-up rage burst forth. "No harm?" she shrieked. "How do I know as the witch ha'n't cast her eye upon her through the winder? If aught happens to Prissy through your nasty, low friends, out o' my house you go, if you has to bide in the street. I wun't ha' Mary inside my door. I'll ha' naught to doin' wi' witches; she may tramp som'ers else for her food. Lor'-a-massy-me, I could kill 'um, I could, an' you too! I shan't know no rest till they be druv out o' the place. To think o' my poor little gal——"

Baber could only bow his head to the storm and hope she might exhaust her rage in words, but in this he proved over-sanguine. When Mary next appeared, Sarah planted herself, with arms akimbo, on the threshold and defied her to enter the shop. "Be off," she cried; "you can take your mis'rubbie bit o' brass som'ers else. I wun't ha' no witches hangin' about my place," and before the girl could reply the door was flung to in her face. From this time an organised campaign was set on foot by Sarah to drive the Wellows from Prior's Anselm, and so strong a feeling did she succeed in rousing against them that it became almost unsafe for even the younger woman to show herself in the street.

Baber was smoking his pipe in the garden one evening when Prissy came running to him in bitter distress, sobbing out that "they're killin' the old witch, an' I b'lieve they'll kill Mary too." He darted through the gateway into the road. As he crossed the green, where the shadows lay long and quiet, a sudden uproar broke from a group of men and boys that swayed unsteadily forward. "Duck 'um! Drown the witches!"

Parting the throng as a swimmer parts water, Baber beheld a sight that filled him with pity and disgust. In the centre of the crowd, shaking her fist in impotent wrath, and invoking curses upon her tormentors, was an old, old woman; her clothes were torn, her grey locks streamed loose, and blood was dripping from a wound on her forehead. Mary clung to her, now trying to silence her threats, now appealing vainly to the foe. Her white cheeks flamed at Baber's appearance. That he should witness their shame increased the pain tenfold. Insensibly the crowd retreated, leaving an open space around the three central figures.

"Brutes!" cried the young man; "cowards to attack two helpless women!"

"They be witches, an' we be gwine to duck 'um," retorted a truculent-looking youth in the front rank.

"You'll have to fight me first."

"He be the young un's sweetheart. Let's duck he, too," sniggered a voice at the back.

The words, and the laugh accompanying them, stung Baber to fury. He sprang forward and struck out right and left, conscious only of a burning desire to smash everyone within reach. When he came to himself, the throng had melted away. He and the Wellows were alone, and in the distance several of his late adversaries, more or less disabled, were hastening to put themselves outside the range of those swift and terrible blows. Cutting short all expressions of gratitude, he turned to Mary, whose beautiful eyes were fixed upon him with a look he ever remembered. "What brought your grandmother here?"

"She slipped away from me and went to the inn. The men there drove her out, and—and——"

"Go home," he said sternly, "and keep quiet. Maybe next time I sha'n't be near to help you."

The adventure annoyed him not a little. He had achieved notoriety, which he detested, and he had proclaimed himself the outcasts' champion. From henceforth the villagers shunned him, while Sarah added a deeper shade of disapproval to her manner. So uncomfortable was his position, that had not pride held him fast, he would have shaken off the dust of Prior's Anselm, but "they shall not drive me away," he said, and set his teeth for a fight to the finish.

The autumn dragged wearily away, and Christmas was near, when one day a vague report that some disaster had occurred in the village found its way to the works. Gradually the surmises crystallised into a definite statement that the parish school was on fire. Fathers of families thought of their children; work was suspended, and the men poured forth to lend what help they could in putting out the flames. Everybody in Prior's Anselm was gathered before the doomed building—a silent, breathless, expectant crowd. Somewhat apart stood Sarah Mewsey, who, though crippled with what she called the "plumbaga," had managed to drag herself thither.

Struck by the expression of agony on her face, Baber went up to her. "Is Prissy all right?" he asked.

The mother shook her head. "She's in there—was stood in the corner, where she fell fast asleep, and was furgot when t'others was fetched out. Of all the men an' boys here, not one 'ud scorch his skin to help her!"

"I'll go!" said Baber, and was taking off his coat when Sarah stopped him. "I shan't furgot as you offered, but there's no need. She's gone—Mary, as I used sa crool and turned from my door, has gone through the fire to save my little Prissy. Here she comes!"

He looked, and saw from out the smoke a woman, blistered and begrimed past recognition, stagger blindly forth clasping a child to her breast. A great cheer from the crowd went up as Baber caught the tottering, swaying figure in his arms.

"How be the chile, h'wever?" asked a customer, while Mrs. Mewsey weighed out a pound of sugar. Business had been extraordinarily brisk the last few days.

"She's a most herself agen, thank you. Save that her hair be singed, you'd hardly know she'd bin in a fire."

"An' Mary Wellow?"

Sarah's sharp face twitched. "I'm afeared she's dyin'. All last night she was on about the crowns, wantin' to know if there'd be one car'd afore her coffin. 'If you dwun't ha't, who should, Mary?' sez I, an' it seemed wonderf'ly to comfort her. She telled William this mornin' as he'd see her crown hangin' in church along o' the rest."

"Aye, an' what did he say?" enquired the other woman, eagerly.

"Nothen as he meant fur the likes o' you to hear," was Sarah's acid retort. "Oh!" she cried passionately, "when I

thinks o' how I used her, I could kill myself. As long as I lives I'll never say nothink bad about anyone if sa be as I can stop my tongue in time. An' if ever I hears an ill word agenst poor Mary or her gran'ma, wun't I just give them as sez it a piece o' my mindt!"

The old Georgian school at Prior's Anselm was burnt to the ground, and a modern red-brick building now stands on its site. The elm on the green has been cut down, and the stocks have been removed to make way for a Jubilee memorial. The meadows and the shady churchyard with its cypresses and holly trees remain unchanged, and above the worshippers that gather

Sunday by Sunday in the little church under the wood, the dusty crowns still hang. But you will seek among them in vain for one bearing Mary Wellow's name. She did not die; she recovered to wear the marks of her brave deed to the day of her death. Her husband said he loved her better for those scars, and that they were her best crown. Certain it is that if at any time ill-natured folk felt tempted to revive the dark tradition she inherited, the marred face where the grey eyes still shone starlike, sufficed to shame them into forgetfulness—a result which may have been aided by the fact that Sarah Mewsey's tongue could show upon occasion, that it had lost little of its former cunning.

A RAMBLE THROUGH TEESDALE.—II.

THIS downward wandering through historic and romantic Teesdale was arrested suitably where we looked out, like Scott's warder in "Rokeby," from "proud Barnard's banner'd walls," to survey a little of the dale, not having within our view so much as he saw with the "inward eye," breaking through the prosaic bonds of mere geography, but not failing to call up some memories of the region. And what a region it is that lies about Barnard

Castle, the very centre of the dale, with Tees sunk low amid the rocks, and sylvan solitudes, and the everlasting hills bared around him to the storms, a mediæval castle on the height, below us glorious Rokeby and the Abbey of Egglestone, famous Richmond yonder over the hill, renowned Raby and Staindrop nearer at hand. But, for the nonce, Barnard Castle itself is enough.

The place passed from the Beauchamps, Earls of Warwick,



E. Yeoman.

THE DOUBLE PLUNGE OF THE TEES AT THE HIGH FORCE.

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Baliol's tower is the great round bastion with massive walls and remarkable vaulting, almost flat, within, which is so prominent an object from the river. Here it was that hot-blooded Percy, Earl of Northumberland, Neville, the great Earl of Westmorland, and the bold Lord Dacre came in 1596, with badges displayed and banners flying, and the stalwart yeomanry of the North behind them, to besiege stout Sir George Bowes, whom, within some eleven days, they brought

to surrender, with dire consequences thereafter to themselves.

A picturesque old town is Barnard Castle, with quaint old houses overlooking its broad market-place and old market cross, where the butter and cheese of this dairying country is sold. Just below the bridge the river breaks into broad shallows, and the old town, built partly out of the castle ruins, seems to hang upon its margin with a picturesqueness that is almost Italian



A. H. Robinson.

WOOD AND STREAM.

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to the Nevilles, and with the great Neville inheritance to the Crown. Restored to them again, it came through the Vanes to the Dukes of Cleveland, and more recently to Lord Barnard, who has his seat but a few miles away at Raby. Four courts of the castle of Barnard Baliol, the builder, can be traced, and

The river is stocked with salmon, and there are many salmon leaps in its rocky course.

But we are now coming, in this downward journeying, to scenes of new and singular loveliness. Streatlam and famous Raby may be visited, with all their memories of the Rising in the

North. But, keeping to the stream, we soon reach Egglestone Abbey, a Premonstratensian house, about which Scott wove his romantic poem of "Rokeby." He has rendered classic this part of Teesdale, which fascinated him when he stayed at Rokeby Hall, with his friend Mr. John D. S. Morritt. The course of the river is carved through the living rock, which ancient woods overhang, and a beautiful pathway brings the visitor from the Abbey Bridge close by the stream—

"Where Tees, full many a fathom low,
Wears with his rage no common foe;
For pebbly bank, nor sand-bed here,
Nor clay-mound, checks his fierce career,
Condemn'd to mine a channell'd way
O'er solid sheets of marble grey."

Rokeby Hall lies in a region of veritable enchantment and

camp stood, and it is worthy of note that at the bridge Nicholas Nickleby alighted from the London coach with Mr. Whackford Squeers in order to betake himself to Dotheboys Hall, the select "Academy," which is still pointed out at the neighbouring village of Bowes. Some of the scenery on the Greta is peculiarly attractive, and may be explored by a niggard pathway between the wood and the stream. Scott's lyric may be remembered:

"Oh! Brignal banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there,
Would grace a summer queen."

Close by the Dairy Bridge at the meeting of Greta and Tees stands Mortham Tower, a very picturesque fortalice converted into a farmhouse, which is perhaps the most southern of the old Border peels. The upland country about Rokeby is not less beautiful than the rocks and woods by the river. It is sylvan in character, with open meadows and picturesque villages. Scenes such as these are difficult to leave behind, but yet there is no lack of charm as we continue to descend the river. Its character changes, and it ceases to be a rocky gorge, but there is great picturesqueness and attraction in the rural village of Wycliffe, by its now placid stream, which has a very interesting church, and was the seat of an ancient family that gave birth to the Lollard leader. Ovington, spread about a rural green, is another fine English village, and then we come to Winston Bridge, from which Staindrop, on the Durham side, may be reached, where is one of the most interesting churches in the whole county; Gainford and Pierce Bridge bring us to Darlington, which shall be the end of this descriptive journeying.

The pictures which accompany these articles are very suggestive of the character of this river course. In the illustration of its infant origin in the hollow of the hills, we noted the stern and rugged character of its impressive beginning and the wild solemnity of the columns of basaltic rock. Then in the photograph of Cauldron Snout it was seen how the growing stream plunges over the broken levels in scenes of wild magnificence. The pictures of the High Force reveal something of its growing grandeur, though, unfortunately, they do not reproduce the marvels of its superb and unusual colouring. We observed how the wooded valley is enframed in this early part of the course by great barren hills which add to the solemnity of the romantic picture. The illustrations of the woodland scenery disclose what is, after all, the

dominant character of much of the country hereabout. They indicate the rich charm that is found in Deepdale, along the Tees itself, and on the courses of the Percy Beck and many other tributary streams. The picture of the Dairy Bridge and the Greta suggests rather than reveals what is the character of the river in its most attractive scenes. Such are its charms between Egglestone Abbey and Rokeby, and such the delights of a long reach of the Greta. The picture of Barnard Castle itself, though it does not show the great round tower of Baliol, but only the fragment of Brackenbury's Tower, illustrates the picturesqueness of the old bridge and of the buildings which fringe the stream. It may be said, in conclusion, that those



E. Yeoman. THE DAIRY BRIDGE SPANNING THE GRETA AT ROKEBY.

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in a park distinguished by most noble beeches, and still more by the magnificent rocky gorge through which the Greta pours downward to the Tees, spanned ere they join by the ivy-grown Dairy Bridge. The scene is one of almost unequalled beauty where the broad and broken stream, yellow in its foam from its origin in the peat, overhung by the richest woodland, is enframed in water-worn rock, covered with green mosses, and having every element that can contribute to picturesqueness. The meeting of the two rivers occupied the pencil of Turner. The Greta itself is a stream of equal enchantment, and the privileged, after visiting the cave sacred to Scott, may pursue the river to the beautiful Greta Bridge, close by which a Roman



E. Yeoman.

BARNARD CASTLE FROM THE RIVER.

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who do not know Teesdale, have yet before them a most attractive part of England to explore, full of history, legend, and natural beauty, enhanced by romantic associations, and endeared by some great memories.

THE BOVINES OF INDIA.

MANY people read about and take an interest in wild beasts, and may be said to be well up in the subject, but few who have not been fortunate enough to form a more intimate acquaintance with them than that to be obtained through the medium of books on the subject, really appreciate the size and strength of the bigger fauna of the world.

I have seen a picture, reputed to be true to life, of a man swinging a tiger by the tail. This probably "went down" with a certain section of the public, and, after all, it depends on the size of the tiger; but to represent that any man living could so treat any tiger that was capable of doing any harm is quite absurd.

Some picture to themselves the tiger as only a large cat of the proportions of a Newfoundland dog, and have no idea of the brute's real size and strength. They do not grasp the fact that a tiger can shake a man as a dog does a rat, and habitually kills cattle by seizing their throats in his mouth and breaking their necks by bending their heads back over his forearm. Let anybody find a bullock tame enough to practise on and try even to move the beast's head, and it will enable him to guess at a portion of the energy required to be exerted by the tiger every time he wants a meal. This, however, is somewhat of a digression, as tigers are not my theme.

Much bigger, and I think more interesting, are the buffalo and bison (*Bos gaurus*) of India. The photograph shows one of the former lying dead. There are, I am glad to say, a good many of these fine beasts still left in some parts of India, chiefly in Assam and Bengal. There is no doubt that they are the parent stock of the tame buffalo of Asia and Europe, and interbreed with the tame animals which are allowed and encouraged by their owners to associate with the wild bulls, as a strain of wild blood produces a much finer beast.

Among the ordinary tame buffalo, a very fine specimen will



AFTER THE KILL.

stand 14½h. or 15h.; the wild bulls are usually about 18h., and their bulk and limbs are enormous. Their weight I can only guess at; I should imagine they would be half as heavy again as a horse of their height. When it is considered that a very large horse in England is seldom more than 17h., and is of much less ponderous build, an idea of the size and weight of these beasts may be formed. Nature designed them in a wise mood, for only a beast of tremendous weight could break its way through the dense jungle they frequent. They leave a footprint as big as a soup-plate. Their horns are pretty well known, and measurements are recorded in many books on the subject, notably one published by Rowland Ward.

The very big heads of old are, as is only to be expected, getting scarce; of course the best heads are always on the oldest beasts, and these have been considerably thinned out. A

good head of modern times will measure 9½ft. from point to point round the sweep, and each horn would be some 22in. in girth round the base.

There are two distinct types of the animal, though probably only the result of environment: One which lives in the grassy plains near the rivers, whose horns are usually more symmetrically grown, longer, slighter, and more tapered than those of the other animal, who frequents heavy forests and tree jungle at the foot of, and in, the hills. I have always found the latter a heavier beast, whose horns are usually more massive and gnarled, and are really a handsomer trophy, though recording less measurements except in base girth. The animal in the picture is of the former variety, and the background shows the grass jungle of the Brahmapootra valley after it has been burnt; when unburnt it would have completely hidden elephants and everything. The beast was, of course, shot from the back of an elephant—the only practicable way of enjoying shooting in those parts—and the two samples of British manhood and grace climbed down to sit on it and have their photographs taken, after it was quite dead. The party depicted in this case should be in no want of fresh meat, as there is also to be seen a deer on the back of one of the elephants.

Though from the security of a howdah on the back of a roft. elephant, and with a small armoury of guns at your elbow, not much is to be feared from these beasts, they are most dangerous to hunt on foot. A buffalo has the most ticklish temper of any beast of his class, and is, in my opinion, next to an elephant, the nastiest beast to follow, owing, in a great measure, to the nature of the ground they are usually found in. I have been "mixed up" with most of them, but for once that I have known a rhino or bison charge I have known a buffalo do so half-a-dozen times.

On one occasion I was very nearly being done for by one of them. A friend of mine, K—, and myself were shooting in a forest country and tumbled on to a small herd, into one of which K— emptied his rifle; it was too small a bore, however, and, though it wounded the beast—unfortunately a cow—it produced no immediate result. The buffaloes retired into some dense rattan jungle, such as I have only seen in Assam, and I was strongly against pressing the matter any further; but K—, who had never before bagged a buffalo, was keen and plucky, not to say ignorant, and insisted on following up the blood trail, so of course I had to accompany him. We crawled and cut our way through the cane for a space, and presently heard the animal break off again. We followed on, and put her up again several times; each time she went a shorter distance forward, until it came to her walking slowly on not more than fifty or sixty yards ahead, though we could never catch a sight of her. At last, I had just whispered to K— that she would probably run our way next time, when I spotted a piece of grey skin through a vista of the forest some thirty yards off. I hesitated for a moment, as I could not tell what part of the animal it was; I concluded, however, that she would be standing with her tail towards us, and gave her what I meant to be a raking shot forward behind the shoulder. It transpired, subsequently, that she had been standing head on to us, so I only shot her through the flank. It was, as I have already said, dense scrub, damp weather, and I was using a .577 with black powder; consequently the smoke hung thick, and evolved one of those awful tensions, while something that sounded like a railway train came straight for me, until a great head and horns pierced the smoke about ten feet from me. I let off my

left barrel into her face, hoping to reach the brain (in this I failed), and she dropped like a stone. I called out to K— that she was dead, and that it was all over, mentally congratulating myself on the facility of the performance, and stepped across to get to a somewhat more open patch of ground. To my consternation, as I did so, she scrambled up to her legs again, and came for me at once. Here was a predicament—an empty rifle and an infuriated, wounded, and evidently far from incapacitated buffalo, a yard off me! I leaped to one side, but, alas for the schemes of mortals! my feet caught in the creepers with which the place was carpeted, and down I fell. I had heard that it was no use trying to dodge a buffalo, but hoped that in her dazed state she might go straight on and leave me; but she was not bad enough for that, and, checking her onward rush, she wheeled, and dived at me with her horns. I managed

to get to my feet again, and plunged forward just out of her reach, and down I came, tripped up again by the tangled undergrowth. She seemed somewhat surprised at my agility—I was myself—but made another dig at me. I had no time to get to my feet this time, so scuttled off on my hands and knees, leaving my rifle and other unconsidered trifles, and thus managed to elude her once more. This process was repeated several times, I each time avoiding her, but each time losing about three inches of the yard's start I began with. At last she gave me a rap with one of her horns, fortunately not the business end, and I found myself quite tied up, creepers (all thorny ones) round my neck and arms and over my shoulders, the beast pulling herself together for another rush, and I unable to move an inch—exactly the sensation of that nightmare most of us have experienced. I thought it was all over, and was cursing for allowing myself to be killed in such an unworthy cause, when I heard the voice of my gun-bearer encouraging my friend to shoot. I had quite forgotten their existence up to then, but felt a new lease of life extended to me. The buffalo looked up, and proceeded to transfer her attentions from me to my friend. I was not backward in availing myself of the respite offered, and wriggled clear, while K— put two more shots into the animal at about four yards' distance, which sent her reeling away. After collecting the guns, hats, hunting knives, etc., that I had dropped, and extracting a handful or two of the largest thorns from my head and face, we followed on, and found her lying dead a short way off. She was a plucky old beast, and we respected her, but were undisguisedly relieved that she was dead.

I have found that all these beasts will charge if bothered by a man on foot, who must appear to them a very insignificant being, but they will usually avoid, if possible, an elephant and howdah.

A handsomer and taller beast than the buffalo, though I doubt if it is as heavy, is the mythen, or bison. This is found in those parts too. It stands much higher. I have measured several 19h. and one 19½h. I am glad to say there are plenty of these beasts still to be found in the North-east of India. They are more retiring than the buffalo, and will no doubt exist long after the latter have been exterminated, owing to their preferring the densest forest, where they can rarely be followed and shot, except on foot. This is a method of shooting not popular in Assam, owing to various and, I think, sufficient reasons, the result of local conditions, and not—as is sometimes inferred by our brother sportsmen of Central India and elsewhere—due to any want of nerve or keenness on our part.

The satisfaction of killing any of these magnificent beasts is always alloyed by the reflection of the waste of life and material, as nothing but the head can be taken as a trophy.

It is no small matter to lift even this portion of the beast on to the back of an elephant. A big head with the flesh on it must weigh over two hundredweight, and four or five men are usually required to pad it expeditiously.

The tail and feet make very good soup and cow-heel stew respectively, but the rest of the animal, some 2,000lb. of excellent meat, remains the portion of the vultures and jackals; and I have known even tigers to be not above breaking their rule of eating nothing that they have not killed themselves, and to help themselves to some of it.

D.

SPRING IN MIDDLESEX.

THE late warm weather has made a wonderful change in the aspect of the country-side. Nowhere was this more charmingly evident than in a certain winding lane just over the borders of Middlesex. Hardly was the old-fashioned village left behind than a burst of glorious melody from the roadside bushes proved that the nightingales have now arrived. The song had been anxiously listened for during the last few days, but this was but the prelude to a continuous strain of bird music. For about a mile nearly every bush held a jubilant nightingale, and mingled with their joyous strains came floating downwards the song of the larks, while blackbird and thrush fluted merrily in the tree-tops.

How can one describe the beauty of such a lane as seen through the sunshine and tears of a typical April day? The

hawthorn is now clothed with leaves of rich and tender green, while the blackthorn sprays are clustered with delicate star-like blossoms. This spring has been noticeable for the abundance of catkins, and on many trees and bushes the lovely hanging tassels have been noticed for the first time. Beech, for instance, which is more common in hedgerows than might be supposed, has a particularly graceful form of catkin; the leaves un-*old* in their virgin beauty. Nature seems to have garbed herself in her very brightest and most gladsome attire, and the common weeds and plants seem to vie with one another in the attempt to cover the bareness of winter with the fresh verdure of their foliage. Everywhere buds are bursting into leaf, blossoms opening, and tendrils are thrusting forward their green shoots, and clasping in loving embrace any support they can find in their upward growth.

Insects, too, are awaking from their long winter sleep, and

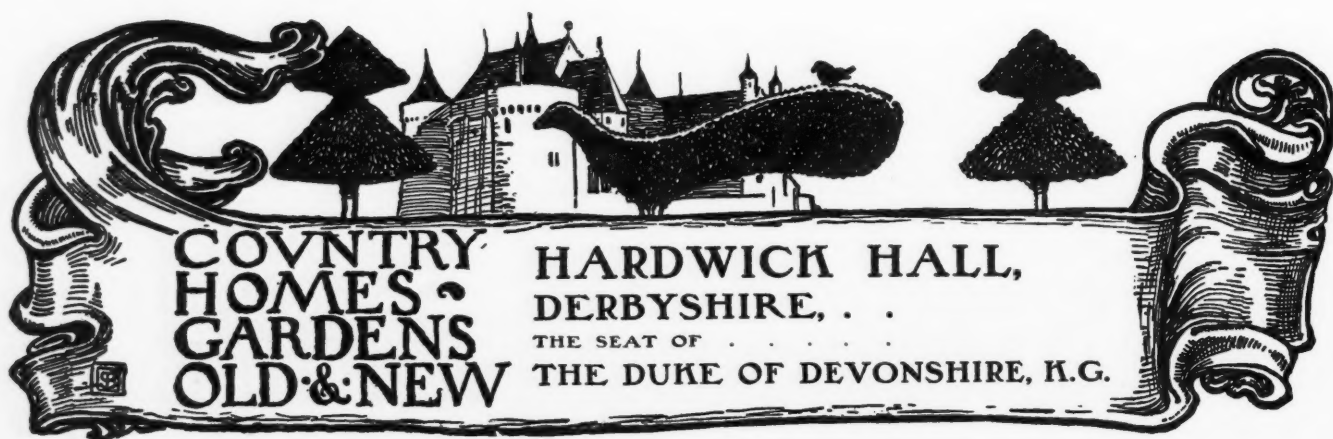


SITTING ON HIM.

big velvet-banded bumble-bees buzz contentedly as they wander in search of a new home. The very air itself pulsates with life and hope and the promise of early summer. In the hawthorn yonder a sitting thrush gazes at you with a pathetic appeal in its bright eyes. Only for one second will we linger, for it would be a churlish act to take advantage of its trusting boldness. In this thicket a hedge-sparrow's nest holds four pointed eggs of purest azure. Note the exquisite finish of the moss-lined cup as compared with the rough appearance of the exterior. The modest little brown birds are now singing their simple but pleasant song on the topmost sprays of every hedge, in contradistinction to their usual habit of keeping carefully out of sight.

Titmice now are much in evidence. The spring notes of the great tit are perfectly bewildering in their variety and frequency—one cannot help wondering where they have all come from. The merry little blue tit now comes out in a new character, as a musician, its usual harsh, grating notes giving place to a most pleasing little song, which reminds one of a chime of little sweet-toned silvery bells. The long-tailed tits' nests may now be seen, generally in a leafless blackthorn hedge. Beautiful objects they are and puzzling withal. That little grey bird with a black bonnet on is a blackcap, "a gentleman," as Kingsley says, "of a most ancient house, perhaps the oldest of European singing birds." His description of the blackcap's song is very truthful. "Sweet he is, and various, rich and strong beyond all English warblers save the nightingale, but his speciality is his force, his rush, his overflow, not so much of love as of happiness. The spirit carries him away. He riots up and down the gamut till he cannot stop himself, his notes tumble over each other; he chuckles, laughs, shrieks with delight, throws back his head, droops his tail, sets up his back and sings with every fibre of his body, and yet he never forgets his good manners. He is never coarse, never harsh for a single note. Always graceful—always sweet, he keeps perfect delicacy in his most utter carelessness."

But though such a perfect musician, his notions of architecture are very crude, and his nest is a very rough affair, not to be compared for a moment with that of the chaffinch, whose finished home is always so effectively and artistically placed. As a songster, however, the chaffinch takes no rank, the song being a very plebeian production, and his "pink-pink," though sprightly enough, is apt to become monotonous.



HARDWICK HALL is not altogether unfamiliar to the readers of *COUNTRY LIFE*, who are now presented with a series of pictures which bring its extremely interesting features very clearly before them. The house was built, as all the world knows, by that famous lady of Elizabeth's time, Bess of Hardwick, who married four husbands, but was not a joy to all of them, who built three or four great houses, and was the custodian of two unhappy ladies. Her house of Hardwick stands nearly equidistant between Chesterfield, the town of the crooked spire, and Mansfield, being within about six miles of each of those places.

"Hardwick Hall,
More glass than wall,"

as the local rhyme has it, occupies a romantic situation corresponding entirely to its fine architectural features. Not long after the Conquest, Walkelin Savage, who, it may be interesting to note,

had the right of killing wild cats in the Peak, possessed three out of the four manors in the parish of Hault-Hucknall, and the fourth came to his family by marriage. One of them was Hardwick, and the Steynsbys held it from the Savages in the time of Edward I. by the curious service of rendering three pounds of cinnamon and one pound of pepper for the lord's table. From the Steynsbys the manor passed to the Hardwicks, who were established there soon after the year 1330, and continued in possession for 250 years. Their dwelling-place was not the Hardwick Hall famous for its glass windows and its wealth of tapestry, but the older edifice which stands so nearly adjacent, and is so picturesque a feature in that wonderful grouping of structures. It stands within two hundred yards of the gate-house, and is now a mere shell, which, having witnessed the lives of many, is tottering to its own decay, although still excellent in construction and solid masonry, and very delightful in form and colour to behold from the windows and grounds of its more





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THE HALL, NORTH SIDE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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RECESS IN PRESENCE CHAMBER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

stately sister. Its immense timbers are crumbling, and trees of great age now grow up from the basement to the topmost floor. One can only enter the kitchen and offices, and visitors are warned of the peril of proceeding to other parts of the building. Passing the ruins, the stranger descends a steep hill, and passes the place from which the stone for both buildings was taken. He traverses a pleasant platform of turf, on which here and there are old yew stumps, and realises how arduous was the labour with which the stone was carried up the steep ascent.

Elizabeth Hardwick was, however, a masterful builder, and nothing deterred her from her work. She partly quarried from the walls of old Hardwick to build her Chatsworth and her new Hardwick. It has been stated that her imperious will compelled Sir William Cavendish, her second husband, to forsake his family estates in Suffolk, and betake himself to the Derwent valley. Chatsworth was not completed until after his death, and when her third husband, Sir William St. Lo, was dead, she married

that powerful nobleman, George, Earl of Shrewsbury, whose life she contrived to make somewhat unhappy. She survived him for many years, living to the verge of ninety, and even to her last hour indulging in her pride and worldly magnificence. A hard frost in 1607 interrupted her work at Bolsover, and the magical spell was broken. A witch's prophecy was fulfilled; she ceased to build, and accordingly she died.

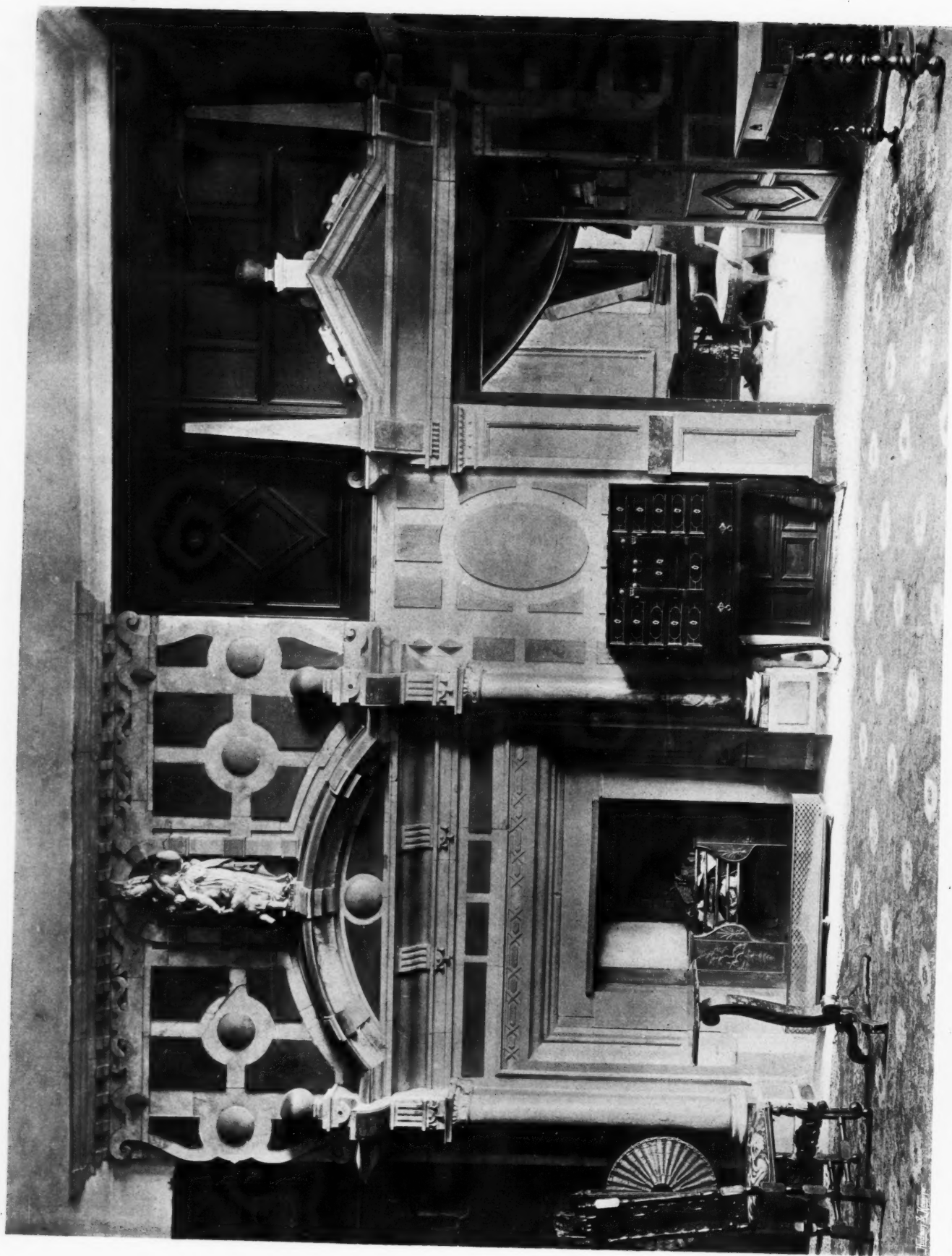
The new Hardwick rose between 1590 and 1597. Gray, writing with poetic feeling to his friend Dr. Wharton, in 1762, said, "I have only time to tell you that of all the places which I saw on my return from you, Hardwick pleased me the most. One would think that the Queen of Scots had but just walked down into the park, with her guard, for half-an-hour; her gallery, her room of audience, her ante-chamber, with the very rich canopies, chair of state, footstool, *lit de repos*, oratory, carpets, and hangings, just as she left them; a little tattered indeed, but the more venerable, and all preserved with religious care, and papered up

in winter." This quotation is given in order to point out an error into which some writers have fallen. It is quite certain that the unhappy Mary was never confined in the present Hardwick Hall. The new house was not built until after her death, and it seems improbable that she ever stayed at the old Hall, although she may have visited it, because that structure was partly dilapidated in her time, and was being denuded for the advantage of Chatsworth. It is true that many things associate Hardwick with Mary. They show her bedroom, with the Royal arms of Scotland over the door, dated 1599. The door is flanked by Ionic fluted pilasters, and arms are in a lunette over it, with an inscription round the semi-circle as follows: "Marie Stewart, par la grace de Dieu Royne d'Ecosse, Douairière de France." The bedhangings, adorned with oak leaves, sunflowers, and other ornaments, are said to have been the work of her hand, and to have beguiled her lonely hours, which is indeed probable. It seems almost certain that these particular plenishings of the Queen's bedchamber were brought from

Chatsworth, where she spent a great deal of her time when in charge of the Countess of Shrewsbury, and that the chamber was fitted up and designed to receive them. The tapestry is scarcely less interesting than the other features of the room associated with Mary Stuart.

The work upon the new Hall was begun about the year 1590, and it has been suggested that Gerard Christmas, John Thorpe, or the Smithsons, who built Wollaton, may have designed it. It is in the grander manner of the time, and has certainly some kinship with both Wollaton and Longleat. The style is broad and massive, with a lower open colonnade at the front of the house, bold projecting wings, and the huge windows which have become almost famous. The initials of the foundress are in the open work of the parapet, much after the manner adopted at Wollaton, Temple Newsam, and Castle Ashby. The high stone wall of the garden and the gateway are in the same style, and the masonry is both solid and good. The building was completed in or about 1597, and was the constant residence of

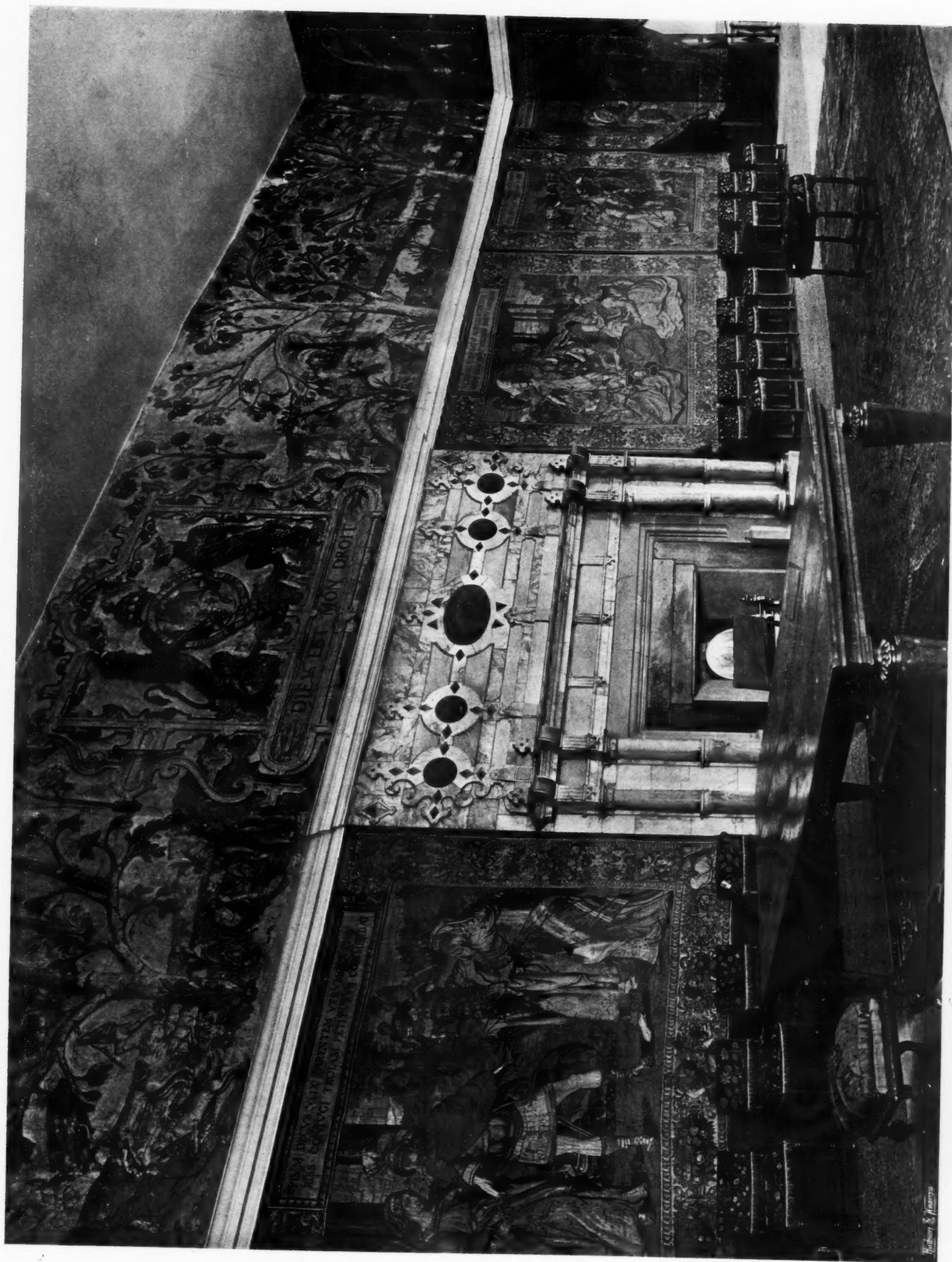




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THE GREEN ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



THE PRESENCE CHAMBER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the Countess of Shrewsbury until her death. It may be interesting to note that in the Cavendish mausoleum at All Saints' Church, Derby, is a splendid monument of the Countess, constructed during her lifetime and under her own directions. Her effigy lies in a recess in the lower part, with hands uplifted in prayer, and the inscription records that, after building Chatsworth, Hardwick, and Oldcotes, she died at the age of eighty-seven, "in the expectation of a glorious resurrection."

The internal fittings of the house are mostly coeval with the building itself, or were added shortly after its completion. There are massive carved chimney-pieces reaching to the ceiling, and narrow passages leading to grand stately apartments. The tapestry is almost as famous as the windows, and clothes the walls with great richness. The interior of the house is in some respects unusual. There are very wide stone stairs, and plaster and stone walls, and the floors also are of stone or concrete, but are covered with plaited rush matting, so that they are silent to the tread. The great size of the windows gives the interior a pleasant and lightsome aspect. The panelling and woodwork are of the best, although plain, and there is comparatively little carving; but some of the doors are painted in characteristic fashion. Plaster reliefs, such as



Copyright TAPESTRY ON THE STAIRCASE. "C.L."

are seen in the chapel, are common in the house, and over one is the date 1588, other plaster work being dated 1597. The wonder of the tapestry has been referred to. It covers the walls in nearly every room, excepting one side only of the green room. Even the staircases are thus clothed.

The State Apartment is 65ft. long by about 31ft. in width, exclusive of the large recess. A peculiar frieze surrounds the room, and is 11ft. deep, and the effect is very imposing and attractive. The adornment is of unusual character, and represents in one part Diana and her attendants hunting, and there are very curious animals, including stags, lions, elephants, and some that are nondescript. There are also men bear-hunting with dogs and spears. A magnificent old state bed stands in the recess, and there is a noble fireplace, with strap-work ornamentation over it, and the Royal Arms. The pictures are of Queen Elizabeth, Queen Mary, Sir William Cavendish, Elizabeth Hardwick, Arabella Stuart, and others, besides many portraits of relatives and connections of the Earl and Countess. Queen Mary's bed-chamber has already been described. The gallery is 166ft. long and 22ft. broad, not including two large bays which give a fine outlook. It is a most imposing apartment, quite characteristic of the time, and very beautiful in some of its detail.



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THE GREAT STAIRWAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE PICTURE GALLERY.

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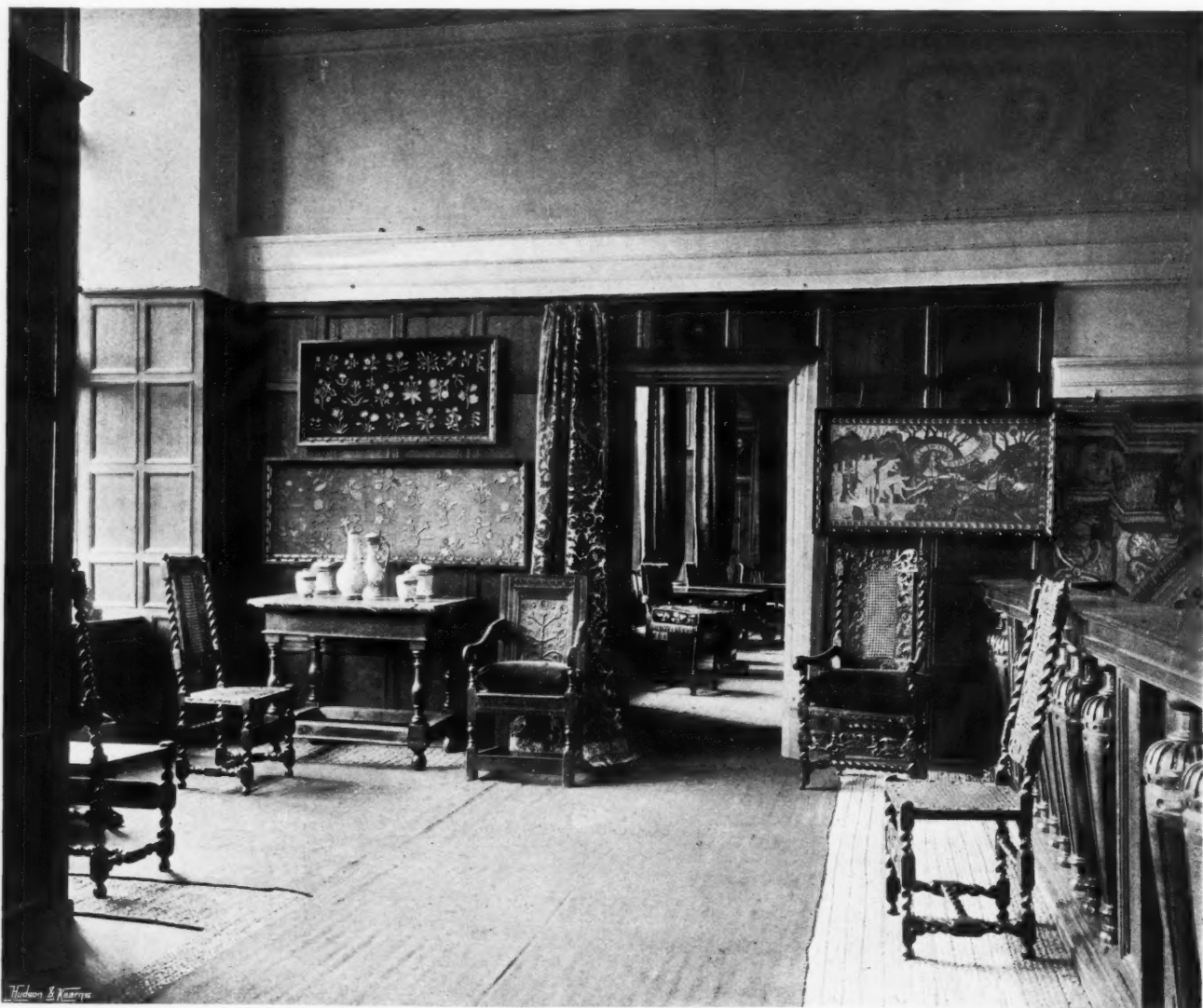
So imposing and beautiful a house must needs have a history, but the events that give it fame are mostly those associated with the great lady who built it. She was not only the guardian of Mary Queen of Scots, but afterwards of Arabella Stuart, who certainly was with her at Hardwick Hall. After the Gunpowder Plot, the council sent instructions to the sheriff and officers of the county, enjoining them to be very strict in suppressing disorder. As the Dowager Lady Shrewsbury, living at Hardwick, was a widow and solitary, they were required to have a care for her safety and quietness, and if Lord Cavendish had occasion to ask for assistance on her behalf, it was to be given to secure her safety. These veiled instructions for action were given, not so much out of love for the aged Countess, but owing to renewed fear of seditious movements in favour of Arabella Stuart, who was then her ward. Hardwick, at a later date, had another interesting inhabitant, in the person of Thomas Hobbes, the philosopher, who lived for twenty years there and at Chatsworth, and died at Hardwick in 1679.

The Duke of Devonshire has several fine houses, and

very large, and appearing on branching stems, which seem to glow with colour when the plant is in full beauty. It grows about 2ft. high, and should be planted in a group to get the full richness of colour, and after the flowers have faded the leaves have a certain beauty and no bare spots exist. Trollius Orange Globe is one of the best of all hardy plants.

GRITTY PEARS.

We were pleased to see in the recently-published quarterly Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society a note about Gritty Pears. As we discussed this question some time ago in these notes, the opinion of the superintendent of the Chiswick Gardens may be interesting. The note is as follows: "Why are my Pears, especially late varieties, so gritty now? They used not to be so," is the query more than one Fellow has put to us during the past year or two. It is said that the pruning and manuring and other treatment are just the same as in former days, and the poor quality of the fruit is put down to the roots being too far from the surface, tap-roots, the stock worn out, or some chemical constituent lacking in the soil. While admitting that one or more of these causes may in certain cases have such an injurious effect on the fruit, we believe that the principal cause is want of water, and if that necessary element could be supplied in copious quantities during the summer and autumn months, those varieties of Pears that were esteemed for their high flavour



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THE MINSTRELS' GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Hardwick Hall is one of the most interesting of them. His Grace does well to preserve it, and to safeguard the ruins of the venerable structure which was its predecessor, and is now one of the oldest houses in Derbyshire. There are not many places in England where the original mansion and its successor stand together, each the exemplar of a different age.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE GLOBE-FLOWERS—TROLLIUSES.

FEW spring or early summer flowers are more beautiful than the Trolliuses in their various shades of orange and yellow, and there is this about them—they seem as happy in the bog garden or by some streamside as in the orthodox mixed border. We have even seen the plants flowering creditably in partial shade, but the place that suits them best is the bog garden, or some moist spot where the roots are wet, but not in a stagnant soil. The most beautiful of all is Trollius Orange Globe. Its flowers are intense orange, individually

and melting flesh, would again be as good as ever they were. Very few people realise what an enormous deficit there has been in the rainfall for a number of years past, and as a large proportion of the late varieties of Pears are grown on wall trees, this shortage is greatly increased, as when the wind is in certain directions most of the rain falls on the opposite side of the wall to that on which the trees are planted. Again, bricks absorb a large quantity of moisture, and if the rainfall were normal it would still be very advisable to give the roots a good soaking of water occasionally to make up for any deficiency; therefore how much more essential it is to water freely in such dry years as we have had recently! All wall trees are immensely benefited by a liberal watering occasionally during the hottest months of the year, but our experience is that no fruit is so much improved by it as those varieties of Pears that are slow in development. Even that overrated variety, Beurré Diel, will lose a great part of its grittiness if supplied with plenty of water while the fruit is swelling up to ripeness."

A FLORAL CLOCK.

An enquirer writes to us as follows: "I wish to make a novel feature in my garden this summer, a 'floral clock,' as I have been told that it is an interesting 'clock,' being composed of flowers which open at various times in the day." There is no chronological value in these "clocks"; it is

a pretty fancy, and, if it has no other value, it is the way to acquire a knowledge of the things used. The following is De Candolle's clock, and the times given are those of opening :

Opens.		Opens.	
	A.M.		A.M.
Ipomæa purpurea (major Con-		Mesembryanthemum nudiflorum	10.11
volvulus)	2. 0	Ornithogalum umbellatum	11. 0
Calystegia sepium	3. 4	Passiflora cœrulea	12. 0
Papaver nudicaule, many			P.M.
Compositæ	5. 0		
Convolvulus tricolor	5. 6	Pyrethrum corymbosum	2. 0
„ sicular	6. 0	Silene noctiflora	5. 6
Sonchus Hieracium	6. 7	Oenothera biennis	6. 0
Lactuca	7. 0	Mirabilis Jalapa	6. 7
Anagallis arvensis	8. 0	Lychnis vespertina	7. 0
Calendula arvensis	9. 0	Cereus grandiflorus	7. 8
Spergularia rubra	9.10		

Many of the flowers named are well-known garden favourites, but not all are hardy, the Cereus for example.

RANDOM NOTES.

The Fortune's Yellow Rose.—No Rose is more aggravating than this lovely flower, perhaps the most beautiful of all Roses when its slender growths are bent with the weight of blossom. It is a pleasure to us to see in a garden near the river Thames a plant in a warm and sheltered corner and protected from heavy rains by the projecting roof, which keeps the soil in a fairly even condition of moisture. The plant was put in only last year, but since then has made several feet of growth, and gives promise of making a small sensation in the Rose way in the future. We have never seen an instance of such rapid and healthy growth, and it may interest Rose enthusiasts to know that the first flower expanded on May Day. Generally in this climate Fortune's Yellow is a greenhouse flower, much as Maréchal Niel is, and rarely seen out of doors. This plant in a home county has upset all calculations, and has at the present moment several open flowers and buds. Of its soft and subtle colouring, its sweet fragrance, and free and elegant growth we need not write. All who know aught of gardening have heard and read of Fortune's Yellow, the most peerless of its race, and prodigiously rampant by the Mediterranean shores and in other sunny climes. To rival the flowers of the Riviera is so unusual that when met with it is worth recording. All who wish to try Fortune's Yellow in the open garden must think of three things essential to success—(1) shelter from cold winds and frosts, (2) sunshine, and (3) a place where it can ramble at will. Even under these happy conditions it may fail, but on the other hand it may succeed, and when it does the reward is great.

Viola pedata as a Wall Plant.—This pretty American Bird's-foot Trefoil is very happy in a wall. It seems to enjoy having its little roots in a mossy chink, and makes a tuft of growth nearly hidden with flowers almost as large as those of a small Pansy, and bluish mauve in colouring with lighter centre. Small plants may be inserted in any suitable wall.

Three Alyssums.—Wall gardening is becoming one of the charms of the modern garden, and no opportunity should be lost of noting flowers that succeed under this condition. It is astonishing what a number of things, regarded as only of use for the rock garden, simply revel in a dry wall, or even a brick wall, when there is sufficient depth of soil for the roots to run in. We were in a garden recently in which the walls were fountains of blossom, here and there drifts of yellow from the Alyssum, purple from the Aubrietias, and snowy white from the Arabis and little rock and mountain gems in every cranny and nook; but it was the Alyssum in its several forms that compelled attention. In one part the variety Gold Dust made a picture of softest yellow, the slender growths as if dusted with colour, and mingling with wallflower and dabs of purple from the Aubrietia tufts. On another wall the famous old Alyssum saxatile, as yellow as the Charlock of the field, tumbled over in billowy masses, and on yet another wall was the variety sulphureum, which is more rigid than the other two, but very pretty when brightened by the sun. The type was from seed sown in the wall, the others from small plants. Without the Alyssums spring would lose its brightest colouring.

Summer Bedding.—Flower-beds are usually filled with plants of some kind the whole year. If summer gardening is to be successful it is needful when the spring flowers have been removed to enrich the soil with well-decayed manure, or if considered sufficiently rich, that they be dug over and left for a time to sweeten. Tread the beds well, and early June is the best time to plant. Much, of course, depends upon the weather. The man is wise who waits until summer has really come, and does not risk the tender plants suffering from a late frost. This, of course, means a severe check to early flowering.

A Beautiful Broom (Cytisus albus var. incarnatus).—Cytisus albus, the White Spanish Broom, is popular in gardens. When out of flower its green branches are attractive, and in winter, though most of the leaves have fallen, it looks green, while its light and graceful habit peculiarly fits it for planting among denser shrubs to take off any formal outlines which may exist in the shrubbery. Although attractive when out of flower, it is much more so during May, when every twig is wreathed with pure white flowers, which are borne in such profusion as to almost hide the branches. The variety under notice is a capital companion plant for the type, but it is rarely grown. It is almost identical in habit with C. albus, but differs by the standard petal being heavily flushed on the outer side with reddish purple. C. albus and the variety may both be increased from seeds, but in the case of the latter a few only may be expected to come true. Cuttings may be rooted in a cold frame if inserted in sandy soil in July or August, and good plants may be grown in two years. Whilst in the baby state the young plants should be frequently stopped, so as to obtain a sturdy and bushy habit.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

SIR RALPH PAYNE-GALLWEY surely had a task perfectly to his mind when he undertook the composition of the noble quarto, *The Crossbow* (Longmans). It is a thorough and satisfactory study of what used to be the national weapon of England when battles were won by English yeomen. In choosing the crossbow in preference to the longbow, he was afforded an opportunity of making a beautiful as well as an interesting book. The longbow, which was used in England in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, was a deadly but not a picturesque weapon—in fact, it was only a stick hewn out of yew, whereas the crossbow was in itself an object of beauty, and inspired the engraver, the inlayer, and even the mechanic. We would like to have shown a great number of the curious pictures with which Sir Ralph has adorned his text, but must content ourselves with two.

In the larger one crossbowmen are shown shooting rabbits, and very good practice they seem to have been making, if we may judge by the dead game lying about. The sportsman will find much to amuse him in this picture. It shows, for one thing, the most primitive method of driving rabbits from their burrows—namely, by smoke and fire, used where we would now use the ferret. The quaint, literal-minded German artist, to make us perfectly certain that this is being done, pictures several of the rabbits just popping their heads out of the holes. The dogs, of a breed that has long departed from this earth, appear to be both running the rabbits down and retrieving them for the shooters. The picture is from the "Venationes Ferarum," and is by Joannes Stradanus. The book was published in 1578, and Stradanus lived between 1536 and 1605, so that we are able to know exactly the period at which this type of sport prevailed. Apart from many historical detail, the picture is very fine in itself, and has the effect of making one long to have lived in the age of the stone crossbow.



Richard N. Spaight.

BARBARA, DAUGHTER OF LADY EMILY LUTYENS.

178, Regent Street

The smaller picture represents the military use of the weapon, and is from a translation by Olaus Magnus about the same date. Bowmen are practising with the crossbow at a target; dogs are seen retrieving the arrows, and were trained to do this without injuring the feathers of the missiles. It would be a fascinating occupation, if space permitted, to follow Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey through his elaborate tracing of the manner in which the crossbow gradually gave place to the firearm of modern times.

Appropriately enough he has accompanied this history with a most excellent chapter on the siege engines used in ancient and mediæval times for discharging stones and arrows. A vast amount of reading must have gone to the making of this essay, and Sir Ralph has gathered a great deal of out-of-the-way information about these antique weapons. They were used for a variety of purposes, in addition to that of casting huge stones into the beleaguered towns; in some cases dead horses and even the bodies of soldiers who had been killed in sorties or assaults were thrown over the walls in order to breed pestilence among the people. He cites a passage from Varillas, who said that "at his ineffectual siege of Carolstein in 1422, Coribut caused the bodies of his soldiers whom the besieged had killed to be thrown into the town, in addition to 2,000 cartloads of manure. A great number of the defenders fell victims to the fever which resulted from the stench, and the remainder were only saved from death by the skill of a rich apothecary, who circulated in Carolstein remedies against the poison which infected the town." Froissart relates that at the siege of Auberoche an emissary who came to treat for terms was seized and shot back into the town. The passage runs thus: "To make it more serious, they took the varlet and hung the letters round his neck, and instantly placed him in the sling of an engine and then shot him back again into Auberoche. The varlet arrived dead before the knights who were there, and who were much astonished and discomfited when they saw him arrive."

In an old author directions are given for tying up a man

with ropes, so as to make a round bundle like a sack of grain, for more convenience of shooting him into a besieged town. The engine used for this purpose was the trebuchet. If the assailants had only a catapult, they had to be content with cutting off the head of the emissary and sending it back where it came from. Many devices were employed also for starting a conflagration in a town. For this purpose Greek fire was

largely used; all knowledge of its composition has been lost, but we know that it could not be put out by water. As late as 1727 de Folard, a soldier and a writer on military tactics, recommended the use of the Roman siege engine in preference to the artillery of his time.



AT THE BUTTS WITH DOGS RETRIEVING.

of the stories, for example, that of a teal in Japan which contrived to impale itself on a lady's hat-pin, may be true in fact. Indeed, it is the writer's experience that his own true stories are rarely believed, whereas when he relies upon his imagination for his facts, his statements are usually accepted without demur. That, of course, may be due in the first case to the experience of his auditors, and in the second to the poverty of his imagination. He can never persuade any save those who were present on a memorable and ambrosial night that he once cut a friend's pipe out of his mouth with a quoit when playing with lighted candles for pegs, but his accounts of killing a salmon with rod and line, a feat which he has never even attempted, have always appeared to be believed. Colonel Haggard, it is humbly imagined, has not the smallest intention of being taken literally. His case is simply that, being gifted with a lively imagination, as his brother is, he has seen sport in all its branches in all parts of the world, has passed through a good many adventures, and tells us them and a little more, gaily and gracefully. He dedicates his yarns to his good friend, and the good friend of all true sportsmen, William Senior, who would certainly be the last man in the world to suggest that a good story ought to be strangled at birth out of deference to an exaggerated regard for truth. Colonel Haggard may or may not have found himself face to face with a wild boar armed only with an Express having both strikers broken; he



SHOOTING RABBITS WITH THE CROSSBOW.

may or may not have lien in a lion's den, with the cubs and a brigand Burro, waiting for the return of lioness and lion, with nothing better than a Remington carbine, and bagging them both; he may have landed three salmon on Speyside, and all that was left of a funeral party after the burying may have assembled to see the fun; he may have shot all that he tells us about; he may have landed all the fish that figure in this book. Or, again, he may possess some of that skill in the use of the longbow which is clearly his when rifle or fishing-rod are in his hands. It really does not matter a bit, one way or the other. What does matter is that the yarns are capital and that they seem true to the reader. That is because Colonel Haggard has the true gift of the yarn-spinner, and because, as a sportsman, he knows his business thoroughly, and loves it also.

Mr. Gallichan, who writes *Fishing in Wales: A Guide to the Angler* (Robinson), is a writer on plainer and more practical lines, and therefore more useful, but less entertaining, than Colonel Haggard. Speaking from personal experience (a remark which the admission in the foregoing paragraph compels him to confine to trout-fishing), the writer can endorse most of what Mr. Gallichan says about the trout rivers of Wales. There is no real danger in the frank course which he takes—that of indicating the best free and cheap fishing to be obtained in the Principality. Over-fishing is not the real curse of the Welsh rivers and lakes, but illegitimate fishing and poaching are a real peril, especially in South Wales, which he appears to know less well than the northern division of the country. Liming the streams is the most deadly method practised, and netting prevails not a little where it is practicable. Probably the otters, which are fairly numerous, do not a little damage, but they afford excellent sport of another kind, and so they may be forgiven. Poaching man is the real enemy, and, as Mr. Gallichan rightly remarks, the growth of fishing clubs, especially among working men, is the best cure. Mr. Gallichan deserves the praise which is due to a frank and useful book. Also he provides the writer, who has himself fished in the Soch, a meandering brook of southern Carnarvonshire, with new knowledge by noting that it occasionally contains roach, which the natives mistake for rock-fish.

The Royal Tour in Canada, 1901, by Joseph Pope, C.M.G., Under-Secretary of State (Ottawa: The King's Printer). Mr. Under-Secretary Pope, whose book upon that portion of the Royal Tour of 1901 which was accomplished in Canada comes out somewhat late in time, is by no means a literary novice. His biography of the Canadian statesman, Sir John Macdonald (of which he modestly makes no mention in this volume), was and is a work of no common merit, concerned with the life of a man who was not cast in the common mould. In the book now before us he is careful to add that for all expressions of opinion he alone is responsible; but the caution has been almost unnecessary, for the expressions of opinion are few and far between, and it really would have been useful to know what are the views of a man of sagacity and of special knowledge concerning Canada about the effect of the Royal Tour. Mr. Pope, however, is an official, and, as such, necessarily prudent. Therefore, we hear nothing of the murmurings in Quebec which were talked about after the visit, and, in fact, the only unpleasantness which is so much as hinted at is the complaints which were sometimes made by persons who desired to present addresses that had not been examined and approved. It is amusing to find in this connection that Mr. Pope is compelled to explain that the condition was imposed, as it always is, not in scepticism about the literary capacities of the writers of the addresses, but to compel the elimination of burning problems from addresses of compliment and loyalty. As for the attempt to manufacture a French grievance, it is a pity perhaps that it was not mentioned, in order to show how hollow and artificial an affair it was. It is, however, interesting to

note—at least those who have ventured to suggest that the Prince of Wales could not, or did not, make speeches in French, ought so to find it—that Mr. Pope quotes verbatim a nice little speech in French made by the Prince of Wales at the Convent of Villa Maria in Montreal. For the rest, Mr. Pope gives a clear, coherent, and complete account of all the functions in which Their Royal Highnesses took part in Canada, and of all their wanderings. Never guilty of hyperbole, he can yet express himself with feeling and dignity when the theme warrants it, as, for example, when he describes the passage of the Ophir up the St. Lawrence, and the meeting between the Princess of Wales and the blind trooper Mulloy at Ottawa. That incident, as all who were present will remember to their dying days, was the point at which the loyalty of Canada was merged in sincere affection for the Royal visitors. In fact, this is a thoroughly capable and worthy book, which places a memorable series of events permanently on record. From the number of names of primarily Canadian interest mentioned of necessity, and by reason of the inclusion of a large number of addresses in the appendix, it will appeal perhaps more strongly to our brethren of the Dominion than to ourselves. But it is better than merely readable in England, and the photographs, which are designed to be historical illustrations rather than works of art, give a real idea of the scenes that were enacted.

The League of Twelve, by Guy Boothby (F. V. White). The usual thing. Plenty of adventure, and every advantage taken of trifles. The insoluble mystery is how Mr. Boothby produces so many novels, all more or less readable; but we fancy we have seen somewhere that he dictates into a phonograph. The one thing that could stay the flood would be for some of Mr. Boothby's heroes to read his novels. Then they would not be half so easily taken in as they are.

A Class-book of Botany, by G. P. Mudge and Arthur J. Maslen (Arnold), fulfils its purpose. The information is given in a clear and sensible way, without sacrificing technical accuracy. It is chiefly intended to meet the requirements of students who are preparing for the intermediate scientific B.Sc. and preliminary scientific M.B. examinations of the London University, or for the advanced stage examinations of the Board of Education, and contains one or two specially drawn illustrations. The chapter upon "The Pollination of Flowers" contains many notes of quite general interest.

Sour Music, by J. N. Carlyle (Black). The reference is to the Shakespearian lines:

"How sour sweet music is
When time is broke and no proportion kept!
So is it with the music of men's lives."

The sour music came because when Mark Castlehaugh came home from foreign parts intending to marry his god-daughter, whom he had not seen for many years, and fell in love with her at first sight, he frightened her and did not explain himself sufficiently. If he had, she would certainly not have married handsome Tom Graham, the worthless son whom a decent body of a North Country farmer tried to make into a doctor and a gentleman. If she had not done that Tom Graham could not have played fast and loose with her, and it would not have been necessary to go back to Mark or to decide to live with him. "He pointed to a soft, hazy light on the Eastern horizon. Neither spoke. There, far away, lay the mysterious dawn, pale as yet, but with the promise of a coming refulgence that would grow till it reached that of life's perfect peace." That is all very well, of course, but these promising dawns often turn out badly, and if one could follow the career of Mark and Marian for another year or two, that would probably be found to be their experience. Moral—for suitors—make your meaning plain; for young women—obvious.

ON THE GREEN.

I CAN take credit to myself for a certain prophetic sense in having observed in these notes a fact that perhaps might have the air of being obvious, in regard to the amateur championship, that Mr. Robert Maxwell, on his favourite links at Muirfield, would take a terrible lot of beating. The result has proved that to be correct, which is not always the case with the prophecies that appear the most obvious; but what I had not ventured to surmise was that the difficulty of beating him should be proved on my own person in the final tie. It is to be added that the difficulty is not yet solved, for he won that final tie with some ease, by seven up and five to play on the thirty-six holes. The man that had the best chance of solving the problem was Mr. Herman de Zoete, for he halved his semi-final round with Mr. Maxwell, and had quite the best of the nineteenth hole; but the strain began to tell at that very crucial point, and instead of winning the hole, as seemed most probable, he lost it, and therewith the semi-final tie of the championship. But it is never to be forgotten, at the same time, that he did most extraordinarily



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well in fighting his way through so far, and though the strain did tell at the finish, he played with great courage for one who has had very little experience of these big encounters, and is not at all accustomed to playing before a "gallery." Of course the championship was fertile in surprises. That hardly could fail to be the case where there were nearly one hundred and fifty competitors, for that is as much as to say that there were just

this number of chances of a surprise. It is the biggest entry list that ever has been. Probably the greatest surprise of all was the knock out of Mr. John Ball by Mr. Angus Macdonald, and that after Mr. Ball had been a couple of holes up after they had turned for home. But Mr. Macdonald is a perfectly fearless player, and one of the very best putters I have ever seen, as I learned in the semi-final tie, when I had the fortune to be playing as well as I know how, and so managed to beat him. No doubt, even had I been so playing against Mr. Maxwell, it would not have affected the result, but as a matter of fact I played badly and inaccurately, in a nasty baffling wind, in the morning. Mr. Maxwell was not very accurate either, but his putting was good all day: and in the afternoon, when we both played better, his game did not give me a chance, starting, as he did, with four holes to the good. As for other surprises, Mr. Hilton and Mr. Laidlay both disappearing from the fighting list in the second round may be quoted as instances, and both falling to men com-



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with Mr. Orr, and doing the nineteenth hole in two, by way of a peaceable settlement.

One of the best matches in the tournament was Mr. Gordon Simpson's with Mr. Osmund Scott. They halved in scores of 76 or 77 each, and then Mr. Scott, always most unfortunate in these big encounters, was beaten by a stymy—most iniquitous fate—at the nineteenth hole.

After the prolonged excitement of the championship some of the sparkle seems to have been taken out of the international match, but it provided the finest possible finish. For the first time (it only has been played once before, when Scotland won) it was decided by matches and not by the total of holes won and lost, and before the last pair, Mr. Smith and Mr. Dick, came in there were four matches won on either side. The last pair were all even and one to play, like as they lay on the last green, at just about equal distances from the hole. Mr. Dick for Scotland putted first and was short, Mr. Smith for England lay dead, Mr. Dick failed to hole, Mr. Smith succeeded, and Merrie England was the winner by the barest possible margin. Mr. Maxwell played very well indeed against Mr. Ball, and beat him heavily; but Mr. Hilton was far too good for Mr. Laidlay, and so on; but all these things, including my own



Copyright MR. R. MAXWELL MAKING A DRIVE AT SECOND TEE. "C.L."

paratively little known, but in both instances to men playing very well. Thus Mr. Hilton was the victim of Mr. Beveridge, Mr. Laidlay of Mr. A. S. Johnston. Mr. Johnston fell immediately afterwards to Mr. Gillon, whose career was a highly eventful and gallant one. He began by beating Mr. Low by a hole; then he encountered Mr. Stewart, whom he beat only at the twenty-third hole, after halving the round; and in the next bout he halved the round with Mr. Johnston, and eventually beat him at the twentieth hole. He then fell into the hands of Mr. Maxwell, and was flogged unmercifully. It was Mr. Maxwell also who avenged Mr. Hilton by defeating the latter's conqueror, Mr. Beveridge. Of course, this does not purport to be anything like a sketch of the championship as a whole—it would need a book for that. This is only a checking off of some of its leading features. Amongst features should be named the performance of Mr. Harold Hambro in beating Mr. Edward Blackwell at the twenty-first hole. Then Mr. Angus Hambro did a dreadful thing in halving his match

comfortable defeat by Mr. Mackenzie, are written in the daily chronicles. It may be taken as established now that the



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international match will continue to be decided by matches and not by holes. It is perhaps better so, although there is undoubtedly a good deal to be said for the other side of the argument. It is, at all events, but weary work for a man who has been beaten by long odds to have to toil on, endeavouring to reduce them, but probably falling further and further behind,

and even for the winner this flogging of a dead horse is poor sport. In any case the popularity of these international games seems to be established, and perhaps it is not too much to hope that in the near future Ireland will be represented.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

FROM THE FARMS.

THE NATIONAL POULTRY ORGANISATION SOCIETY.

DESPITE an increase in the deficit, the annual meeting of this influential body was marked by a spirit of hopeful optimism, led by the President, Viscountess Cranborne, who, in reviewing the four years of its existence, and marking the progress of the society, spoke cheerfully of the future, and congratulated the executive in that, so far as finances allowed, the work of stimulating the trade in home-raised poultry products was being successfully demonstrated. Commenting upon the methods adopted, her ladyship argued in favour of meeting foreign competitors with their own style of collection, grading, and marketing, and, by offering a superior article, to attain a recognised and creditable reputation for English eggs. By reason of the burden of debt, the committee was quite unable to take advantage of all the opportunities of establishing branches and depôts. It was pointed out that the initial expenses of setting depôts to work fell almost entirely upon the fostering body, but when once started they seemed to be beneficial, and instances are known where the producers' returns have advanced 20 to 30 per cent., and this without affecting the price to the consumer. Where the branches had enrolled under the Industrial and Provident Societies Act, as much as 4 per cent. was paid on capital, together with a bonus. For an avowed impractical man as regards poultry, Viscount Ridley made a most apt speech.

THE OXFORDSHIRE SHOW.

The show season began in earnest last week, and, luckily, it brought good weather with it. In another column we are giving some account of the Reigate Horse Show, and of the county shows, the Oxfordshire, held at Bicester, was the most important. It had an extremely satisfactory entry, and in every department except one the number of exhibits exceeded those of all former years, except that at Henley and the record one at Banbury. The various classes were extremely well represented. In shorthorns the yearling heifers were generally considered the best, and the winner belonged to the herd of Mr. Herbert S. Leon of Bletchley Park. In Herefords the Earl of Coventry carried off everything. In Channel Island cattle Sir James Blyth's bowl for the best Jersey cow or heifer in milk bred in Great Britain or Ireland was won by Lady Rotha. She is the property of Mr. James Joicey of Fairford. The turn-out of Shires was excellent, and the champion Shire stallion foaled in 1901 was Lord Rothschild's well-known grey The Lad, who



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MR. H. G. HUTCHINSON GETS CLEVERLY OUT.

"C.L."

also obtained Sir Alexander Henderson's prize for the best Shire stallion of any age. The best Shire mare was found to be Mr. R. W. Hobbs's Kelmscott Juno. The light horses were also a very satisfactory lot, and led to many interesting competitions. In sheep the Oxford Downs were naturally very strong. The champion prizes given by the Oxford Downs Sheep Association

were awarded to Mr. J. T. Hobbs's shearling ram, pen of ram lambs, and pen of shearling ewes. In Hampshire Downs Mr. James Flower, the Earl of Carnarvon, and Sir Alexander Henderson came in in the order named. In Southdowns the winning flock-masters were Colonel A. F. Walter of Bear Wood, Mr. C. R. W. Adeane, Mr. Edwin Ellis, and Mr. J. Colman. There was a great show of butter, and the chief winners were Mrs. Woodford and Mrs. Smith Neill.

THE NEW AGRICULTURAL SHOW GROUND.

Park Royal, the new permanent show ground of the Royal Agricultural Society, is rapidly assuming its business aspect. Embracing an area of 120 acres, delightfully situated in the neighbourhood of Ealing and Harrow, its eminence commands a view of some of the finest woodland scenery near London. A recent visit discovered quite an army of craftsmen busily engaged in preparations, assisted by steam rollers, sawing mills, and quite a network of light railways. Profiting by long experience of showyards and their requirements, the executive is certainly aiming at making this the best-appointed ground in the kingdom, and visitors to the opening venture will hardly comprehend the amount of forethought and labour expended on their behalf. The arrangements generally are very forward; miles of drainage, both surface and sanitary, have been installed with profuse water supply; rows upon rows of skeleton sheds and stands need but the spreading of the canvas roofs to complete them; while of the more substantial structures everything seems finished. Not the least noticeable of the features is the number of wind-worked pumping machines that occupy the south-eastern portion, and which have lately completed a four weeks' trial. The *pièce de résistance*, the horse-ring, wherein the four-hand and jumping trials will take place, is a huge elliptical area strongly fenced and banked, the ground being well settled and the obstacles already set up. Nor is it only within the society's portion of land that industry prevails. Three lines of railway are preparing to cater for the necessities of the public, and by the construction of stations, goods yards, and new thoroughfares the whole of what was a sleepy pastoral district is being enlivened. Given seasonable weather we hopefully anticipate that the first show on this permanent site, which will be held from June 23rd



W. A. Rouch

JUDGING SHIRE FOALS AT THE REIGATE SHOW.

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to the 27th, will afford the satisfaction the directors richly deserve.

THE REIGATE HORSE AND HOUND SHOW.

The Reigate Horse and Hound Show is one of the best-managed and most popular in the kingdom, and as it had the luck to get the most charming weather last week, we can scarcely wonder at its being a very pronounced success. The number of visitors was very large, and the quantity and quality of the entries left nothing to be desired. In the catalogue agricultural horses held the place of honour, and we were glad to see that Mr. Salomons, who lives in the neighbourhood, came out well with his young stallion Norbury Harold, a weighty grey horse with excellent legs and feet, who had the better of Mr. Greenwell's Tomboy VII. Lily Duchess of Marlborough with her Deepdene Dane showed a two year old from which much is expected. In the classes for brood mares with foals Mr. Greenwell won with Stanney Commotion, with a very young foal at her side. In yearling colts or fillies and two year old geldings and fillies Sir Blundell Maple won with Childwick Bounce, who is evidently a very promising filly. The hunters have been good at the previous exhibitions here, and showed no falling away in the present year. The best stallion was found in Riverstown, a big-boned Irish thorough-bred by Ascetic, belonging to Mr. E. W. Robinson. In brood mares Mr. Mackusick won with his well-known Circus Girl, and Mr. Kelway-Bamber's Sweetheart was second. In weight-carrying hunters Mr. J. H. Stokes won with a black six year old, who was considered better than Mr. Mackusick's Tennis Ball, a very good second. Tennis Ball afterwards carried off the Upper Gattton Park Challenge Cup. Hackneys and park hacks and the harness classes were well represented, Amazement and Extravagance, two well-known horses, winning in the last-mentioned class.

The hounds were an uncommonly good lot. The silver cup for the best dog hound in staghounds or draghounds was won by the Mid-Kent Racer, while in bitch hounds the Surrey were to the front with Welcome. Foxhounds had representatives from the Surrey, the North Cotswold, the Surrey Union, the East Kent, the West Kent, the Burstow, and Mr. Winans. The West Kent had the best dog hound in Goblin, Rambler being second, and in the other sex the North Cotswold won with Pasture, who defeated the Old Surrey Wilful. The Old Surrey, however, won in couples with Wilful and Welcome, which beat the North Cotswold Belvoir Dasher and Dancer. In unentered hounds the West Kent and the North Cotswold were winners with Sportsman and Salary. Beagles and other classes were equally well represented, and the show altogether was a considerable advance on its two predecessors, and promises to be one of the most delightful of these exhibitions held near London.



W. A. Rouch.

MR. H. M. MACKUSICK'S TENNIS BALL.

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BRITISH DAIRY FARMERS IN FRANCE.

The British Dairy Farmers' Association have chosen Northern France this year as the scene of their annual conference. They got to Paris on Saturday, May 16th, and on Monday met at Les Invalides Station, and went to Plasir Grignon, where they had an opportunity of examining a characteristic and typical French teaching farm of about 325 acres. They were naturally interested in the cow-sheds, the breed used being that of the race Cotentine, of which the average yield is about four and a-half gallons a day. They found that the pigs favoured were the French Craonaise and the English Berkshire. Another interesting place visited was a milk farm by Chaumont whence milk is drawn to supply Paris. In addition to being produced on the farm, it is collected from smaller holdings in the neighbourhood. The milk is sold in Paris at the rate of 2½d. per litre. Afterwards the party went to Normandy, where they found much to interest them in the famous dairies that supply Great Britain with so large a quantity of the butter sold in our shops.

THE AMERICA . . . CUP CHALLENGER

SOME weeks ago, in view of the trials which were then taking place off Weymouth between Shamrock III. and Shamrock I., some attempt was made to describe in these columns the new America Cup challenger, and to gauge, however roughly, the chances she possessed of bringing back to our shores a trophy that has been absent half a century. The impressions then formed by an eye-witness were

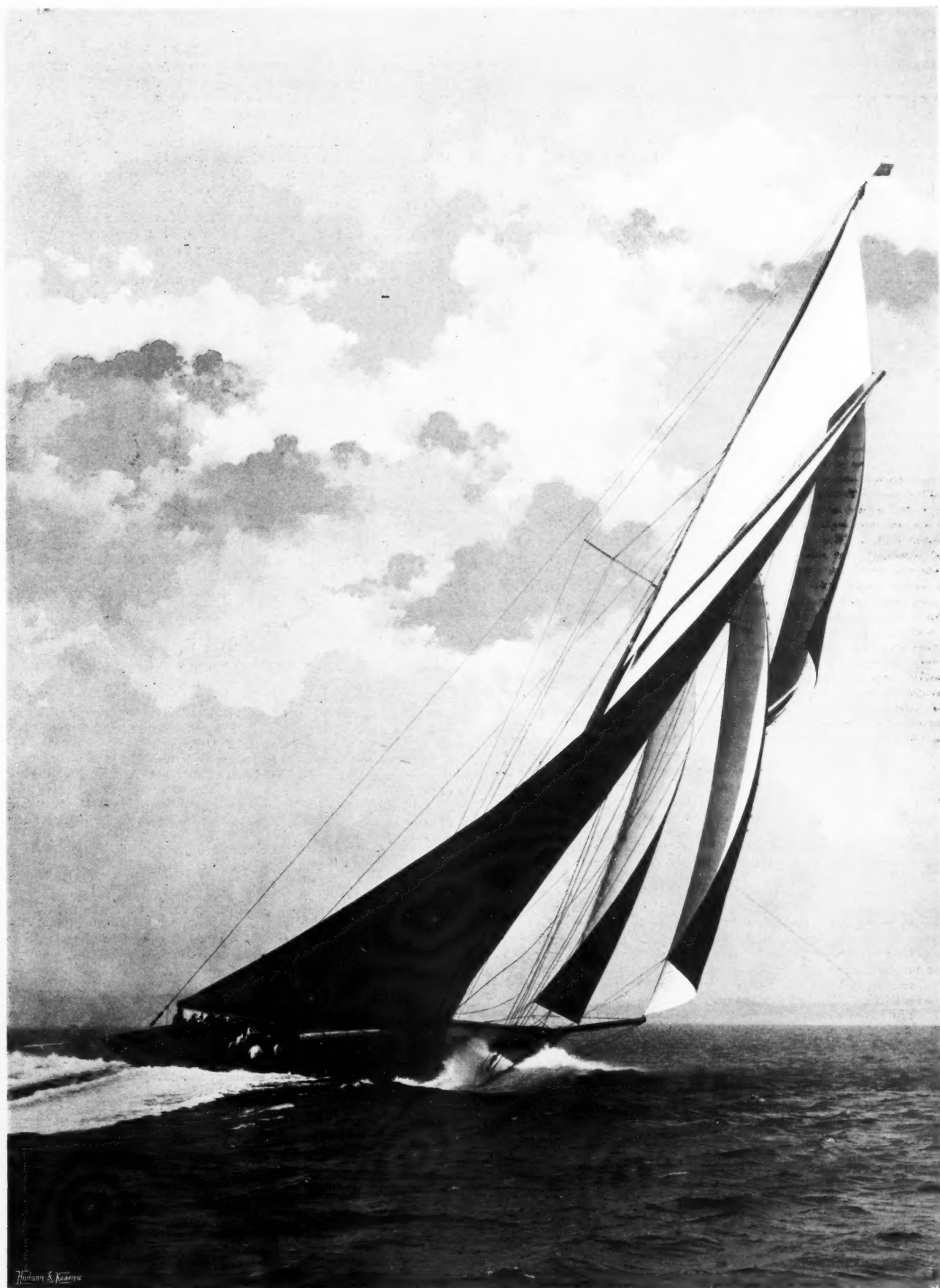
in no way negated by the swiftly following disaster which reduced Shamrock III.—a stately, fascinating, useless, expensive, dangerous toy—to a mere hulk. There was precedent for that disaster, and writers in the Press were not slow to draw their parallels. Those same parallels were not, perhaps, in all respects justified—for one thing, bitter experience should have taught an owner like Sir Thomas Lipton the risks he ran in fitting spider-like rigging to goft. racing cutters—but, moralising apart, and with every desire to avoid the objectionable practice of proving in print how wise one is *after* the event, all were heartily glad to learn that Shamrock III., as to her hull, was unstrained, and—compare the subsequent Clyde trials—unimpaired as to speed by her mishap. The challenger has now an ocean voyage before her. There could scarcely be a more uncomfortable vessel in which to



W. A. Rouch.

AMAZEMENT—FIRST PRIZE SINGLE HARNESS.

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Kirk.

SHAMROCK III. HARD PRESSED.

Cowes.

cross the Atlantic, but every precaution has been taken, and let us hope her owner's perseverance will be rewarded. As to the Reliance, the Shamrock's rival, it is foolish to speak. We know too little of her—still less of her comparative speed when opposed to vessels we do know. The result of the America Cup contest is on the knees of the gods. However, lest any Briton should say he didn't even know what the Shamrock looked like, COUNTRY LIFE offers a picture of her. And what a picture it is!

COUNTRY CRICKET . . . N. COUNTRY CRICKET.

THE schoolboy home for his holidays, or the sailor with a month's leave, can hardly have a greater sense of liberty and of freedom from discipline's restrictions than has the county player who, emancipated for a week, is free to follow his favourite game according to his own bent. Not that county cricket, played before a keen and appreciative company—why have we no such word as "spectance" to correspond with "audience"?—has not pleasures of its own; for to make a good score, bowl two or three wickets, or pull off a difficult catch, are all events which delight the heart, especially when there are many to look on and to applaud, and all human beings delight in their own success. Yet in the big cricket of the present day there is an overpowering sense of responsibility; to fail as batsman, bowler, or fieldman, or in any of these departments combined, brings with it a horrible feeling of mortification and humiliation that makes one wish that one had never undertaken first-class cricket while second or third class cricket was obtainable. That is in the nature of things. The more serious the task the less the satisfaction, unless one does the duty expected of one to the uttermost degree. In few things can one always be at one's best at exactly the right moment. Mortals cannot command success, however much they may deserve it. Yet the charm of cricket is the aggravation it produces; one is bowled on Tuesday by a ball that one could have played all day on Wednesday or Monday, and one has to return to the pavilion sardonically smiling, as if that particular long hop or half-volley that sent one back was the one unplayable ball that had been sent down during one's existence in the world of wickets. Such a thing occurs, of course, in cricket of all standards, but whereas one's chagrin is purely personal, or almost entirely so, when one has failed in a minor match, such a collapse in a county game makes a man feel like a traitor to his county, to the selectors, and to the world at large. Such are the effects produced by competitions and points and games in which to win is the be-all and end-all. To succeed may mean an additional point towards the championship; to fail may mean the diametrical opposite. I question whether the scales of pleasure and disappointment are on the whole accurately balanced, *i.e.*, I doubt whether the pleasure of success really outweighs the misery of failure. I can, at any rate, appreciate the sensations of the hapless man who went in last in a great match, got out after failing to make any of the few runs required of him, and on returning home had everything burnt that he had used in the course of the match. He was a man who had a sense of the situation. To put the matter briefly, county cricket is cricket played at such high pressure that one has no time to be human; one errs, of course, as that is human, but the forgiveness that is divine is granted so grudgingly, especially if error has spelled disaster, that one is overwhelmed by a horrible sense of one's own identity. It may be a direful thing to lose a match for one's side, or to have failed so thoroughly as to have made such a loss possible, but it is just this direness of failure, possible or probable, with all the horrible train of records and points behind it, that makes a man say, "Well, thank God, there is no more county cricket for a fortnight; I'll go and have some fun." And he goes and has it, probably spoiling some excellent matches of a town grade, in which he, the county player, is the Triton in a shoal of twenty-one minnows. Not that the great man is always great. George Lohmann used to narrate with glee how he went down to play in a local match, attended by all the country-side, eager to see George Lohmann; but a hard-hearted rustic of thews and sinews, refusing to be cajoled into the "off-trap" or the "leg theory," smote his (George's) bowling to all points of the compass, reckless of theory, while a rustic bowler lowered the great man's wicket at the very first essay. This, of course, was all in the game and is part of the game, but on the whole the crack who has gone wrong in his scoring upstairs is generally a great hero down below, and it is in the down-below cricket that most of the fun comes.

Of real country cricket, village cricket, the supply is getting somewhat limited, but he who will can find it, and if a man finds it and does not enjoy it, he is a poor creature. He must not expect to find all his pleasure in the making of runs or the bowling of wickets, but he will revel in the abandon—is there any English equivalent for this word?—in the light-heartedness, and in the keenness which accompanies the light-heartedness, and in the general festivity of the game. If the local tailor bowls out the squire, up goes a cry of "He gave him a fit that time!" If the parson hits the blacksmith on the knee someone shouts "Hammer him, parson; he's hammered plenty in his time," and the like. The squire's lady finds tea, which is generally so hot that the locals cannot drink it, and are too shy to ask for more milk, while the publican of the village has a special licence and an impromptu booth, well supplied and well ordered, with a free drink for any man who has made his name and fame by catch, or smite, or delivery. Give me, too, the cheery welcome and the cheery send-off—doubly cheery the latter if the local side has won, for then all the village musters, and winds up the independent firing of "Good-byes" and "Good-nights" with a volley of "Hurrahs!" as the brake moves off; and there is no ill-feeling, and no heart-burning, and no reflection that "I've made a fool of myself and let the whole side down." Perhaps you have, and have lost the match by so doing; but, after all, there is no real harm done; there's no reckoning of points, and percentages of losses to wins, and such-

like fandangos. Yokelburgh has lost, and Rustington has won; so far, so good; but the "return" has yet to be played, and accounts may be squared, especially when Rustington plays at home and has its own umpire, who couldn't get away for the first match, which, of course, made all the difference in the world; while if one village wins both matches, the only result will be that there will be plenty of local chaff—good-humoured chaff—whenever representatives of the rival villages meet, either in their home quarters or at the halfway house.

I am told that village cricket of this kind is disappearing. I hope not, and I think not. At any rate, this is a rough sketch of what I have seen and gone through within the last five years within twenty miles of London, and than which nothing has ever given me more genuine pleasure. The studied century of the first-class game is not a patch upon the impromptu thirty of the village ground, where there are no improper "composition;" to adulterate the pitch. And don't the boys love a match! I went into our village post-office one fine evening, after we had pulled off an unexpected victory against a stronger side, and heard ominous sounds of swish and howl from a back room. "That's Willy catching it for going to the match instead of weeding the garden," the post-mistress's daughter volunteered. I met Willy next day and made enquiries. "I didn't mind, sir; I saw you hit into the cornfield, and I saw Jim Fowler bowl the last man out—and we won." I'm an upholder of discipline as well as a supporter of cricket, but I felt that a transfer of coin was inevitable. Next day I met Willy, a twelve year old urchin; he was smoking a cigarette. I suppose I had corrupted him.

W. J. FORD.



A DEFECTIVE PICTURE TITLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the article on the Royal Academy in COUNTRY LIFE of the 9th inst., reference is made to a picture by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., called "A Parasite." The principal objects in this somewhat gloomy and not very interesting canvas are a withered tree and a tree-trunk, the latter covered with ivy. The ivy would appear to furnish the title to the picture, and if this is so, it is singular that the artist should have applied a misnomer to the clinging plant, for ivy does not live on the juices of the tree which lends support to it. It has not even the habit of winding round and throttling its supporter, but it generally climbs up it, and may undoubtedly injure the tree by smothering it in a mass of luxuriant and impervious foliage. Where a tree has been thus burthened, it is not unusual to find the ivy stem severed, with the result that the superincumbent verdant mass withers and the plant above the severance dies. Were it a parasite, it would still live on. It will clothe the dried trunk of a dead tree in abundant leafage; parasites live on the life of some other creation. I have not Waterton's Essays at hand, but if my memory serves me rightly, he makes some interesting comments on the habits of the ivy.—R. S. W.

[We cannot agree with our correspondent's opinion of Mr. Watts's very fine picture, though he is welcome to have his say about the character of the ivy.—ED.]

RABBITS BARKING TREES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—You will help me greatly, and I am sure other readers of your beautiful and interesting paper too, if you would kindly tell me how to prevent rabbits barking my trees and shrubs. Last winter they did considerable damage, and practically ruined several hollies which I prized highly for their rarity and growth. Perhaps my letter may bring some correspondence upon the subject; at least, I hope so.—B.

[Of course, the gun is the best remedy. We experienced a rabbit plague last year, but none remain, as far as we are aware, at the present moment; but of course it is no use wondering whether rabbits are about where young trees are unprotected against their ravages. Our plan is to use small meshed wire as a safeguard. The wire goes down 6in. in the soil, and surrounds the stem at the same distance, with sufficient height to prevent them leaping over. This is only done in the case of valuable trees, such as many of those recently introduced from Japan. Commoner trees are tarred (Stockholm). Useful preparations, also, are the following: Lime, water, and cow manure in pretty strong mixture; strong-smelling grease; Davidson's Composition; a teaspoonful of the tincture of assafoetida in half a bucket of liquid soil, applied with a brush, perhaps twice during the winter. This is mentioned as satisfactory in the recently published Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society. In the case of very choice trees, and where netting is too expensive, put in small stakes round the stem and tie them well. Tar applied to the tree itself is sometimes harmful.—ED.]

A WONDERFUL PEAR TREE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was much interested in the illustrations representing Mr. Colman's sheep in COUNTRY LIFE of May 9th, and send a photograph of another feature in the grounds at Gatton, namely, the wonderful Uvedale's St. Germain pear tree. This is probably the finest example of this variety in Britain. It measures 100ft. in length, and is in perfect health. I remember it well fourteen years ago, and since then have made many enquiries about large pear trees, but this is at present the most imposing I have either seen



or heard of. It is tended with great care, as the illustration shows, the thick branches being trained espalier fashion and the shoots closely spurred in. The great expanse of branches is very beautiful when the flowers are open and again in autumn, as then the leaves assume a rich colouring. Those who relish pears stewed will have nothing to complain of, but the fruits of this variety are of little value otherwise, as the skin and flesh are very tough. Uvedale's St. Germain is the largest pear fruit under cultivation in these isles. Jersey and French pears are bigger when grown under exceptional conditions, but this kind is naturally large and of handsome shape. It is frequently used as an ornamental dish, a fruit to be looked at but not eaten. I have frequently stewed the fruits, however, and they are delicious.—A. P.

ROOK PREYING ON YOUNG BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—I think the following painful story of the depravity of a rook may be interesting to your readers. We have heard many instances related lately of the evil ways of egg-stealing and the like villainy that rooks have been resorting to, the excuse generally being made for them that they were led into these bad habits by some years of drought that made it hard for them to get succulent food, and that they have not been able to give the habit up. The present can hardly be described as a year of drought, and yet this incident which occurred in it seems to carry the tale of villainy further than we have traced it before. My informant was an eye-witness, and this is what she saw: A rook soaring, rather as a gannet does, as she described it, over some ivy-clad walls; then, again almost like a gannet, the rook dropped straight down among the ivy. Almost immediately it came up again with something in its beak, and so soon as it got free of the ivy it was at once attacked most fiercely by two missel-thrushes, who seemed to perceive it now for the first time. By their scoldings and menaces they so frightened the rook as at last to make it drop its prey; but still as it flew away they followed it for some distance, continually menacing it. My informant then went to see what it might be that the rook had dropped from its beak, and there found a young, almost fledged, missel-thrush, dead, but still warm. Without a doubt the black rascal had seen the missel-thrush's nest, with the young ones, in the ivy, had pounced down on it, taking advantage of the parents' absence, and probably thought to get safe away with the baby, when the parent birds perceived the kidnapper and gave him battle, frightening him effectually, but without saving their baby's life. The story is an interesting one, as showing not only the sanguinary and carnivorous tastes of the rook, but also its great boldness in attacking the nest of such large and courageous birds as the missel-thrushes, and actually showing a good deal of reluctance to give up its prey, even when detected and menaced by both parents at once.—H. G. H.

THE POUND AT BLUNDESTONE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—I suppose that to every lover of the writings of Charles Dickens the name of the Suffolk village of Blundestone will be well known. It was chosen by Dickens as the birthplace and early home of David Copperfield, and through it that Barkis made his periodic journeys and courted dear old Peggotty between whiles. The place will always possess a Dickens' interest apart from its own native charms. Between the Rookery, as the house was called by Dickens, and the church, from either of which it can be plainly seen, is the pound, of which a photograph accompanies this letter. I cannot think it is the one into which Dickens threw poor Pickwick, for it is quite unlike the illustrations shown in any of the editions of the famous papers, but it is none the less a pleasantly situated structure



that makes one imagine many things and conjure up incidents grave and gay that may have been connected with its history.—EAST ANGLIAN.

MOTHS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—With reference to "F. A. B.'s" article in last week's number of COUNTRY LIFE, I shall feel obliged if you can find room for this short letter in your interesting paper. In the first place "F. A. B." states that the antennæ of butterflies are clubbed at the tip, and those of moths are pointed, which statement, I think, ought to have some qualification, for the antennæ of the zygaenidae (Burnets) are far from being pointed, and these insects are undoubtedly moths. "F. A. B." then goes on to state that "the Camberwell Beauty is a moth." I shall feel greatly obliged if he will kindly let us know on what authority he makes this assertion, for I have always thought that it was one of the vanessidae (*Euvanessa antiopa*), which family, I believe, without doubt, belongs to the rhopalocera or butterflies. Moreover, by "F. A. B.'s" own definition of a butterfly, the Camberwell Beauty is a butterfly, for it has clubbed antennæ, it folds its wings up tight and fast like a letter-clip, and it also flies by day.—RALEIGH S. SMALLMAN.

LABOURERS' COTTAGES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—I can understand that Mr. A. T. Williams will read Sir William Chance's replies to his queries with little satisfaction. They have not brought into view a solution of the difficult problem of improvement to these, or any tangible means whereby new and habitable cottages can be got to replace the old and existing insufficient ones. Doubtless building bye-laws have been an obstacle, but some allowance must be made for these in seeing that the evils of accommodation are not repeated in material and structure. I am a medical officer of health, and have taken a particular interest in this housing question, but I have utterly failed to interest any of my councils, or to induce them to move "under the Act." Upon housing hang many reasons for the depopulation of rural districts, and I last year showed in your columns that the value of estates would in time depreciate if the present owners did not sink money in cottages to keep the necessary labourers together to work their lands. And further, beyond any moral aspect of this question, there is the great one of public health. Infectious diseases are most rife in insanitary and overcrowded cottages, and that dread scourge consumption finds too ready a dwelling-place in a stuffy cottage, and a too fertile nest from which to propagate itself. The building of sanatoria is one thing, but the root of the matter lies in the housing, and to neither question do the councils in these parts rise. Where the housing question is most pressing at Colwyn Bay, the landowner will not sell land under seven shillings a yard. What is to be done to get land that cottages may be built to yield a remunerative rent? Arbitration will not cheapen the price. Mr. Walter Crotch's little book upon "The Cottage Homes of England" gives a good picture of the "Housing of the Working Classes Act," and what it can do and cannot do. A most interesting article in the last September number of the *Contemporary Review* on "Rural Housing—a Lesson from Ireland" is full of instruction, and I must confess, for the present, to being a convert to the Irish method. The only objection I can see to district councils becoming cottage owners is that in a short time they would be the cottage owners of the country, and land would be rid of its responsibility to house the workers upon it. I should be extremely indebted to Sir William Chance or to any of your readers for a sketch of a feasible solution of this housing difficulty, whether in law or not.—J. LLOYD-ROBERTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I quite agree with what Sir William Chance has written on "Labourers' Cottages," but I would like to make one or two comments and suggestions. It should be remembered, I think, that the scarcity of houses does not affect only labourers who can pay not more than 2s. a week. In many districts there is a great demand for cottages at 5s., 6s., and 7s. a week, and yet no one comes forward to provide them. A brick and slate six-roomed cottage can be built for £180, and 4s. 6d. a week will be sufficient interest on this sum plus the cost of land. Here, therefore, district councils might intervene. They never do so; and without knowing much about them, one can easily see that even if the trouble were not too much for their clerks, there are good reasons to deter them. The man who deals with a builder is buying a pig in a poke; he is as helpless as a child in treaty with a horse-dealer. There is no proper price for a horse or for a house. A building is constructed of many materials, and by many kinds of labour; all these may be cheaply or dearly purchased, and easily economised or wasted. It is very easy for individuals to make bad building bargains; it is very difficult for public bodies to avoid them. Sir William Chance refers to the loss in slack work by labourers, skilled and unskilled. I quite agree that this may cause much extra cost. There is one effective way of stopping this leak. It is the system of piece-work; to apply this to building is difficult, often impossible; still, with a special pattern of cottage, already used, and carefully measured up, I think that each part of the building might be given out in piece-work. At all events, I shall try the plan myself. And if stereotyped plans of cottages can be used, I think assistance might be given by the Local Government Board, or Board of Agriculture. The War Office has expended more than £250,000 on buildings in wood and iron on Salisbury Plain. Might not the Board of Agriculture make use of the experience gained by this work, and, if it can do no more, issue to district councils and other bodies plans of several cottages, with the prices at which complete materials for them can be obtained? There are many contractors who would be willing to offer the materials at a fixed price.

The cost of foundations and chimneys and of erection of the woodwork can be ascertained by a few trials, and these figures can be given with the other information. From the catalogue of the Government contractors, from conversation with timber merchants, and from the cost of cottages that I have myself built, I have been able to form a fairly close estimate of the cost of timber-built cottages. I think that the cost of a four-roomed ground floor cottage about 25ft. by 20ft. would be about £85. I am offered timber sufficient for it for £35. The chimney, foundations, tiles, and fittings would cost about £18, the plastering £4 or £5. I do not think the labour would be more than £25. The Salisbury Plain contractor



whose name I enclose, offers cottages in blocks of two, with five rooms each, at £97 for each cottage, without including outlay on chimneys, fittings, or foundations. To add these, and to make the buildings rather less hideous, would increase the cost to about £120. I know of a six-roomed wooden cottage here which cost £135. What I suggest that the Government might do is this: The Board of Agriculture might negotiate with large firms who would undertake to deliver the whole material at a fixed cost. An architect who combines taste with capacity for



might be employed to draw a sufficient number of plans. A leaflet giving the price of the material of each cottage delivered at the nearest station, and the cost of erection, and of each extra separately, might then be issued. If four rooms can be provided for £85, and additional space in proportion, some stimulus may, I think, be given to building, and the urgency of the need is so great that every chance of help should be employed. The leaflet would also be useful in making it clear to the ignorant district councils who obstruct all building, and entirely forbid wooden

houses, that these buildings are, in the opinion of qualified persons, thoroughly satisfactory. It is also desirable, I think, to suggest the construction of small four-roomed houses. Many labourers can pay rent on £100 worth of building and not a penny more. If they were in London they would live in two rooms. To discourage these small houses will tend to drive such tenants into towns. I have not referred to another difficulty, that of obtaining land. It is, I think, the worst difficulty of all, the chief cause among several causes why cottages are bad and scarce. A landowner has 100 acres or 500 acres or 1,000 acres. It is worth £20 or £40 or £50 an acre. To sell five acres at even £100 or £150 an acre for building ugly cottages will certainly injure the value of the rest. How can it be made his interest to sell? Often, I think, something might be done by appealing to his public spirit. For this purpose county councils are better than district councils. The Board of Agriculture or a Congested District Board would be better than either. If such a body could obtain small pieces of land and offer them for sale in quarter-acre plots, they would generally be bought at once, and cottages would be built on them. One must add, with regret, that the scenery would invariably be spoilt. I may mention that I am now building cottages in five parishes, none of them, however, purely agricultural. In the poorest and wildest of all—I am forbidden to build in wood—I can build a four-roomed ground floor cottage in brick for about £110 or £115. When it is ready for occupation I find difficulty in preventing two families from occupying it together. Most of the cottages pay their way, and some of them pay a really remunerative rent.—A. H. CLOUGH.

TIME PASSETH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Cycling recently through that part of Kent which a receding sea has left high and dry, both literally and figuratively, but which with charming Winchelsea and quaint old Rye on either side possesses many features that are interesting and attractive, I came across the old man of whom a photograph accompanies this letter. He seemed to fit his surroundings exactly. He and they were old, and had seen better and more bustling days. His and their charms were those of repose, if not decay, and from one standpoint it was impossible to wish them different. There was pathos in the sight of both. He had served his day and generation, they had accomplished their purpose in the economy of things. As with the one so with the other, it was impossible to renew youth, and who, after all, can and would arrest the hand of Time? I hope you will publish the photograph, which to me suggests many things, some painful, others pleasing.—A. P. T.